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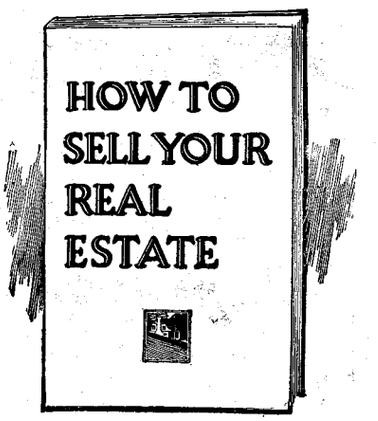

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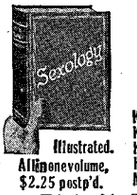

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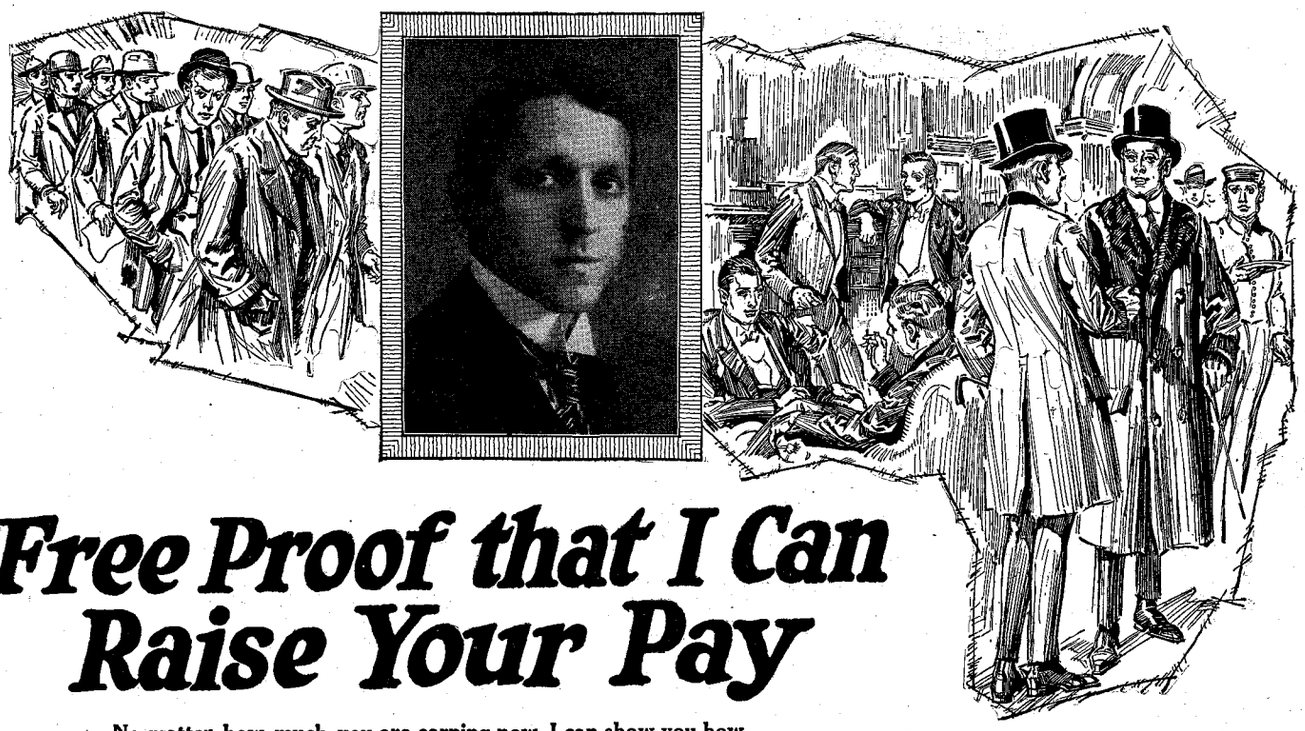

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LET'S have a little chat about getting ahead—you and I. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches.

I'm no genius—far from it. I'm just a plain, everyday, unassuming sort of man. I know what poverty is. I've looked black despair in the eye—had failure stalk me around and hoodoo everything I did. I've known the bitterest kind of want.

But today all is different. I have money and all of the things that money will buy. I am rich also in the things that money won't buy—health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of the world than I.

IT was a simple thing that jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to know a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It had to do with getting ahead and growing rich. He had used it himself with remarkable results. He said that every wealthy man knew this "secret,"—that is why he was rich.

I used the "secret." It surely had a good test. At that time I was flat broke. Worse than that, for I was several thousand dollars in the hole. I had about given up hope when I put the "secret" to work.

At first I couldn't believe my sudden change in fortune. Money actually flowed in on me. I was thrilled with a new sense of power. Things I couldn't do before became as easy for me to do as opening a door. My business boomed and continued to leap ahead at a rate that startled me. Prosperity became my partner. Since that day I've never known what it is to want for money, friendship, happiness, health or any of the good things of life.

That "secret" surely made me rich in every sense of the word.

MY sudden rise to riches naturally surprised others. One by one people came to me and asked me how I did it. I told them. And it worked for them as well as it did for me.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. In one case I took a rank failure and in a few weeks had him earning as high as $2,000.00 a week. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it, barely eking out a living. Today this young man is worth $200,000. He is building a $25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work—in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were $20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to $40,000. And this genial 64-year-young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I COULD tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years it would become powerless to lift a feather from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 4, 1920

THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER

ALEXANDRE MILLERAND is Prime Minister of France. He is sixty-two years old. He was born in Paris and educated at the University there. He became a Radical Socialist. In 1884 he was elected to the Paris Municipal Council, and a year later to the French Chamber of Deputies. There he gradually became transformed into a "Parliamentary Socialist," and as such, to the disgust of the Extreme Socialists, actually accepted the portfolio of Commerce in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet (1899).

There, as in Parliament, he did much for labor legislation. He secured the establishment of one-day rest a week, a ten-hour maximum day for women and children, and an eight-hour maximum day for miners. He also often tried to procure the adoption of compulsory arbitration in industrial disputes.

In the first Briand Ministry (1910) M. Millerand held the portfolio of Public Works, and in the Poincaré Ministry (1912) that of War. He showed great energy in reorganizing the army—a providential work. When the first (Viviani) ministry was formed to cope with the outbreak of the war, M. Millerand was again intrusted with the war portfolio. The Viviani Cabinet lasted a year and a quarter; the second Briand Ministry lasted a year and a half; the Ribot Cabinet lasted about six months, and the Painlevé Ministry less than ten weeks. On November 16, 1917, the epoch-making Clemenceau Cabinet began its work, and ended it on January 18, 1920, when Clemenceau resigned and when President Poincaré asked the man to form a Cabinet whom Clemenceau had publicly designated as the Prime Minister of his Administration were there to be a Clemenceau as President of France.

M. Millerand showed his independence by going outside the beaten track to pick the men for his Cabinet. He disregarded the politicians. They looked about for an excuse to injure such a Cabinet,

International

ALEXANDRE MILLERAND

and unfortunately the excuse was close at hand. Believing in the full patriotism of Jules Steeg, the new Premier had asked him to become Minister of the Interior. This was the opportunity desired, and, when a Deputy rose in the Chamber and declared that Steeg had been an accomplice of Malvy, former Minister of the Interior, who was banished following his conviction on charges of communicating with the enemy, the attack resulted in the desired effect Though the new Cabinet received a vote of confidence of 272 to 17, it had to encounter a moral defeat, for more than three hundred deputies abstained from voting at all.

WOMEN MAGISTRATES

THE Act recently passed in Great Britain for the removal of sex disqualification makes women eligible to be magistrates, and the Lord High Chancellor has appointed seven women to act in that capacity.

Nominally the King appoints all judges, but, in practice, the Lord Chancellor does—that is to say, the King appoints on the Lord Chancellor's recommendation. The Lord Chancellor has this power because he is the head of the House of Lords, the highest Court in the United Kingdom as well as a legislative chamber. In order that it shall at all times contain the necessary legal talent, certain Lords of Appeal are appointed members for life.

Aside from judges of the higher courts, the British judiciary consists of two categories of magistrates—stipendiary and honorary. When stipendiary magistrates are hearing cases, honorary magistrates may sit on the bench with them and they have jurisdiction in certain cases. It is presumably in the honorary class that the present women appointees are to be included. "The great unpaid," as the Justices of the Peace are sometimes called, have judicial functions, to be sure, but are not generally known as judges. There may be women J. P.'s now.

Doubtless the present Lord Chancellor (Lord Birkenhead, better known as F. E. Smith—"Galloper" Smith, as he

(C) Keystone View

MRS. LLOYD GEORGE

International

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

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THE MARCHIONESS OF CREWE

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was dubbed when organizing the Ulster Volunteers) has been moved to his act by his appreciation of the ability of women to contribute to the work of those courts which adjudge domestic relations cases and those affecting women and children. In many large cities separate children's courts have been established.

While the British bench is just now fully up to strength, the Lord Chancellor announces that when vacancies occur in the future, in which he desires the judgment of women as to candidates for office, his seven appointees are also to constitute a Women's Advisory Committee, to confer with him concerning the fitness of any women for the position of magistrate. His view is that for certain positions the claims of women should be considered equally with those of men. But, he declares, he will not make new magistrates in districts in which there are no vacancies, simply in order that women may be appointed.

MRS. LLOYD GEORGE AND OTHERS

THE Lord Chancellor's seven appointees are all persons who have exceptional personal gifts or who have done notable public service. All have a thoroughgoing acquaintance with the achievements and careers of their countrywomen. The appointees are the Marchioness of Crewe, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Mrs. Lloyd George, Miss Elizabeth Haldane, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Miss Gertrude Tuckwell.

Of these, Mrs. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister's wife, is perhaps the most notable. She has been a foremost supporter of day nurseries and of other work for the saving of babies. She has already taken her seat, the despatches announced, at the Quarter Session Courts in Wales, where she lives. These courts are so called because held four times a year by the justices of the county or borough. The information does not state, however, whether Mrs. Lloyd George sits there as a Grand Juror or as an actual magistrate.

As to the rest, Miss Elizabeth Haldane is a sister of Lord Haldane, the eminent statesman. Mrs. Sidney Webb is best known by the books on political economy in which she has collaborated with her husband. Mrs. Humphry Ward adds to her distinction as a novelist the fact that she was one of the first persons to support playground reform and to extend the education of cripples; she is still chairman of the Committee of Play Centers for London. Of a rather younger generation, the Marchioness of Crewe (a daughter of ex-Premier Rosebery) and the Marchioness of Londonderry have distinguished themselves by remarkable war work and in the no less difficult tasks of reconstruction.

GOVERNOR EDWARDS ATTACKS PROHIBITION

THE political campaign in New Jersey last fall resulted in the election of Governor Edwards largely, if not solely, because of his outspoken opposition to National Prohibition. Although there was then no State issue connected with the liquor question, anti-prohibition Republicans as well as Democrats applauded his rather violently expressed protest against New Jersey's citizens "surrendering to the Federal Government the power of regulating the exercise of their personal liberty."

Naturally, then, this question was put

International

THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR EDWARDS, OF NEW JERSEY

first and foremost in Governor Edwards's inaugural of January 20. The address again denounced National Prohibition as an invasion of the sovereign rights of New Jersey and as sumptuary legislation. The Governor announced, after he had taken office, that he should confer at once with the State's Attorney-General as to "the most feasible and expeditious method" of questioning the validity of the Eighteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution by proceedings in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Meanwhile two bills have been introduced into the New Jersey Legislature which attempt to define the words "intoxicating liquor" to mean a drink having five per cent alcohol (according to one bill), or four per cent (according to the other).

It seems quite clear that Governor Edwards aims to bring before the United States Supreme Court such a case on behalf of New Jersey as to bring out a full and clear definition of what the Amendment means by "concurrent power" through which Congress and the States are by legislation to enforce its provisions. One thing suggested is that just as concurrent jurisdiction by two courts does not mean that both must act together, but that either may act, so concurrent power might mean, not that Congress and a State must legislate together, but that if one does not act the other may—for instance, if Congress had not enacted the Volstead Law, then Kansas, say, might have passed a law putting the Amendment in force in Kansas. Certainly it is not likely that the phrase means that where State and National legislation clash the State law should dominate. And to require that the State should pass just the same law as Congress would be superfluous "concurrence."

Rhode Island is preparing to fight the Amendment on what appears to be a straight revival of the old-time States'-right doctrine. Her case is that she has not ratified the Amendment and that she never did part with her sovereign right to be an assenting party to any change in the Constitution which would affect the internal rights of her citizens.

Those who assert that the people of the United States do not wish prohibition can scarcely substantiate their view unless they succeed in electing a Congress that will either relax the provisions of the Volstead Law, or, by rescinding it, leave the enforcement of prohibition to the several States. The present Congress by a two-thirds majority and three-fourths of the States have declared in favor of prohibition.

A PROGRESSIVE AGAIN TO THE FORE

"REGULAR" Republicans and "Regular" Democrats have been accustomed to regard some Progressives in politics as belonging to what Theodore Roosevelt called the "lunatic fringe."

But, so far as we know, no "regulars" ever so regarded John Milliken Parker, the Progressive party nominee for Vice-President in 1916. Mr. Parker is fifty-three years old. He has been President of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange and the New Orleans Board of Trade. Politically he is the kind of Progressive who would rather please, not displease, the "regulars;" that is to say, he would, as Mr. Roosevelt used to say, "walk with them as long as they walked with him."

Particularly has this been shown in the long fight which Mr. Parker has waged with Martin Behrman, the New Orleans Democratic leader, or "boss," as you like. It is interesting to note that the real disciples of a man in authority refer to him as "leader," whereas his enemies like to dub him "boss." It must be said for Behrman that, whatever his political

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Bain News Service

JOHN M. PARKER

shortcomings, he has been a power for the material aggrandizement of New Orleans—witness the great dock improvements constructed under his administration. Aided by the influential New Orleans "Times-Picayune," one of the most readable papers in the South, Mr. Parker has now smashed the "Behrman machine."

The smash occurred in the Democratic primary, and that means a finality; for, in the South, as the Democratic primary goes so goes the election. Mr. Parker, the nominee for Governor, is a man of good family, of high personal character, and of marked ability. When to these qualifications is added the fact that he had the independence to support Roosevelt against Wilson in 1912, and four years later himself received National distinction, and when it is realized that his breadth and courage in adopting an independent course have been shown on other, if more local, occasions, his success in the recent primary is, we must think, the outward sign of an inward Louisianian grace.

There is little question about the fact, we believe, that Governor Parker will make a distinguished administrator.

THE CASE OF THE SOCIALIST ASSEMBLYMEN

As day after day passes in the trial of the five suspended Socialist members before the Judiciary Committee of the New York State Assembly, the impression strengthens that a "political steam roller" is at work.

For example, when the attorney for the defendants tried to prove by a witness that the Socialist party rule requiring a member of the party elected to public office to file with the party his resignation from that office, thus subjecting himself to prompt party discipline for his public acts, was not carried out in practice, the testimony was ruled out, in spite of the fact that it seemed obviously pertinent. On the other hand, the prosecution was allowed to introduce as evidence a booklet advocating violence, on the ground that it was published by a Socialist society, though there was nothing to connect the Socialist Party, much less the Socialist Assemblymen, with it.

These defendants represent a party that has recently suffered justly in the esteem of most loyal Americans, including men who formerly were members of it. William English Walling, formerly a member, has written a letter (published in the New York "Times") which adduces facts to show that the Socialist Party has ceased to be Socialist and has become Bolshevist. It is certainly a misfortune that just at the time when the Socialist Party was becoming discredited the methods employed by the political machine in the New York Assembly should present it with a popular cause, and miscast it in the rôle of a defender of American political liberty.

THE PRACTICE OF THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

Our American political practice is based so closely in many respects upon British political precedents that it is interesting to study the methods by which the British Parliament has handled problems similar to those confronting the New York State Assembly. We have received from Mr. P. W. Wilson, American correspondent of the London "Daily News," a communication which briefly describes some of the cases which have arisen in the British Parliament. Mr. Wilson tells how the British Parliament handled one violent Socialist, Victor Grayson, who came to Parliament bent on making trouble. Mr. Wilson says:

"I well remember his first speech to a crowded house. It was intended to be provocative and it was certainly vociferous. Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, replied, pretty much as follows: 'I hope the time will never come when the House will decline to listen to a member who comes to us fresh from the electors; but, having thus heard the honorable member, the House will forgive me, perhaps, if I bring the debate back to the subject under discussion.' Victor Grayson thus found his level and disappeared from the limelight."

Concerning other cases in British history which bear upon the situation in the New York State Assembly Mr. Wilson writes:

"The House of Commons, as an elected body, has always asserted the right either to expel or to suspend a member, and, in case of disorder, suspension is often resorted to—a case being Mr. Lawrence Gunnell, the extreme Nationalist. Recent action here would not be regarded by British experts in precedents as actually unconstitutional. Long tradition has, however, convinced the House of Commons that the only adequate grounds for expulsion are moral turpitude—a conviction, let us say, for murder, or embezzlement, or bankruptcy, in which latter case the seat automatically falls vacant. Moral turpitude does not include civil divorce or attendant circumstances, unless criminal lapses are proved.

"The case therefore reduces itself to political offenses, either proved or alleged. On political grounds Charles I tried to arrest the five members, with results which we all know, except perhaps this—that it is unconstitutional for the Crown to send armed men into the House, and even 'Black Rod,' the House of Lords usher, who brings messages from the King, finds the door of the Commons closed against him and has to knock three times to gain admittance. There is a grating in the door which enables the attendants to make sure that Black Rod is alone and harmless.

"In the Wilkes case the point was not technically royal interference, but expulsion or, more accurately, refusal of admittance by the House itself. Middlesex re-elected Wilkes three times, and the principle was established that, apart from unpurged crime, there is no assertable right in Parliament to expel. This was the real reason why, without a struggle, women's suffrage was so rapidly followed by a seat for Lady Astor. With a vote women could not be excluded.

"In Bradlaugh's case the difficulty was not his atheism as such, but the awkwardness of an atheist sincerely swearing an oath which appeals for sanction to the Deity. The perplexity was not keeping Bradlaugh out of the House, but getting him into it, and as the technicalities were ultimately arranged to secure this end, he is really a witness for admitting men of unpopular convictions. Still, the struggle over Bradlaugh extended for five years. During that period he was in fact excluded, despite re-election, and the conflict greatly weakened the prestige of Gladstone's Government in those days."

IRISH MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT LIBERALLY TREATED

Ireland complains bitterly of British injustice, but surely the men she sent to Parliament have not been unfairly treated. Mr. Wilson continues:

"With regard to Irish members, they

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have been constantly imprisoned for political offenses without losing their seats. When suspended, it has been only for disorderly conduct within the House itself. And there is a wide difference between suspension and declaring a constituency vacant. The Sinn Fein members to-day would certainly be admitted to the House provided they were ready to present themselves, take the usual oath or affirmation, and were not financially insolvent. The House has never, in recent years, gone behind the oath or affirmation, either to a member's writings, speeches from the public platform, or political affiliations. For these he is answerable alone to his constituents.

"The best instance is Dr. Arthur Lynch, an Irish member. He actually fought for the Boers against the British Crown and was condemned to death for high treason. He was reprieved and served in the House for many years, strongly supporting the Allied cause against Germany.

"So far as I know, there is no means of ridding the House of Lords of a peer who may be a scoundrel. In the case of the German princes who held British dukedoms, there were long controversies, and only after legislation which the peers did not like at all were these royal persons shown the door. The peers feared a measure which made their privileges subject to legislation, because legislation implied the authority of the Commons.

"In comparing British practice with American, it must always be remembered that Britain has not to face the problem of a citizenship composed of many racial elements."

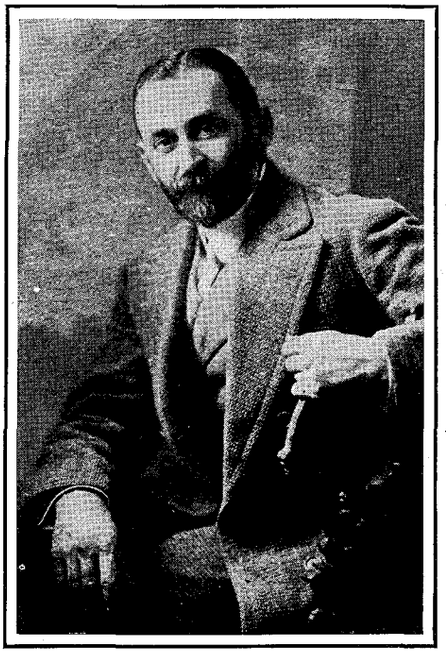
The lesson of British precedent seems to be that it is better to err on the side of liberality than on the side of intolerance when it comes to the exclusion of a member of a legislative body in a free democracy.

AMERICAN HUMANITY VERSUS BOLSHEVIK CRUELTY

EARLY in 1918 Russian parents sent their children away from Petrograd to escape the famine and disordered conditions of that city. The children sought refuge in central Russia, so Dr. John W. Wood, in a recent number of "The Living Church," informs us, and then, on account of Bolshevik brutality, were forced to seek shelter in the Ural Mountains, and later in Siberia, where, a year after they had left Petrograd, the Red Cross rescued them.

The forthcoming departure of American troops from Siberia calls for that of most of the Red Cross. This furnishes an appropriate occasion for reviewing what the American Red Cross has done there.

Dr. Rudolph Teusler is the director of St. Luke's Hospital, Tokyo. Relying on his reputation as an administrator and as an authority on Far Eastern affairs, the Washington office of the Red Cross cabled to him to proceed to Vladivostok and report concerning the Siberian situation. His report was such that he was made Chairman of the Siberian Red Cross and was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. He divided his work into numerous departments, each in the care of a director responsible to him. Its extent was enormous, reaching westward a distance of almost forty-two hundred miles.



RUDOLPH B. TEUSLER, M.D.

Eight hospitals were in operation, with some thirty-five hundred beds, the largest being at Omsk, the seat of the so-called All-Russian Government. Other hospitals are of course urgently needed. The Commission had in its service some three hundred doctors, American, Russian, Japanese, and others, and some twelve hundred nurses. Dr. Teusler also appealed to a number of physicians and other missionaries stationed in the Far East; the response was prompt and the assistance invaluable.

Thus, as Dr. Wood says, "Once again American church missionaries in the Far East have rendered an important international service." The work done by Dr. Teusler, whether for his own hospital in Tokyo or in the Siberian field, is one which makes us proud of the name "medical missionary," and especially proud of what Americans in such capacity can do for humanity.

Of course St. Luke's Hospital at Tokyo gave some of its Japanese doctors and nurses to the furtherance of the work in the Siberian field and has itself been used in connection with the Red Cross. We also learn that a splendid site has been secured for the new St. Luke's Hospital on the bank of the Sumida River, one of the numerous waterways of Tokyo.

THE CHILDREN OF LILLE

THE repatriation, begun on January 21, of German prisoners from Lille calls attention to the present condition of that city of northern France. It is a great linen, woolen, and cotton manufacturing center, with a normal population of about a quarter of a million.

In 1914, just before the war broke out, nearly one hundred and sixty factories were in operation. As those of us who have been in Lille recently can testify, only a few are now working. What machinery could be carried away was taken to Germany; the Germans broke up or scrapped the rest.

On July 31, 1914, the manhood of Lille, up to the age of forty-seven, was mobilized. Very early in the war the Germans captured Lille, and it remained in their hands until October 17, 1918. By that time, out of every hundred soldiers of Lille, fifty-seven had been killed. The other forty-three, when they returned home, found—what? Thousands of girls between the ages of thirteen and twenty-two had been violently carried off as individuals or deported in droves. The little children were emaciated and underfed; nine out of ten showed signs of consumption; the hospitals were crowded with sick children.

Many of the heroes who for more than four years had fought without direct news from their wives and children returned to Lille to find not only no work but those nearest and dearest to them scattered or starved or sick. And under what circumstances?

As to the period of time since October 17, 1918, we may quote the recent statement of Philip Gibbs in the New York "Times:" "Even now, a year after the armistice, the hardships endured in Lille are beyond imagination."

Professor Ernest Dimnet, the French writer who recently gave the Lowell Lectures at Harvard, is touring the United States to complete the raising of $100,000 to help the two children's hospitals, St. Antoine and Ste. Anne, at Lille. The owners of the great industries once richly endowed these hospitals, but they can do nothing more.

Three of Professor Dimnet's American friends, Booth Tarkington, Margaret Deland, and Agnes Repplier, have also appealed for him and the cause he represents, as does The Outlook.

Five hundred dollars pays for a bed in these hospitals. Fifty dollars pays for the medicine required daily in the clinics. One dollar keeps a child in the hospital for two days. Who will not send at least a dollar—and as much more as he can—

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

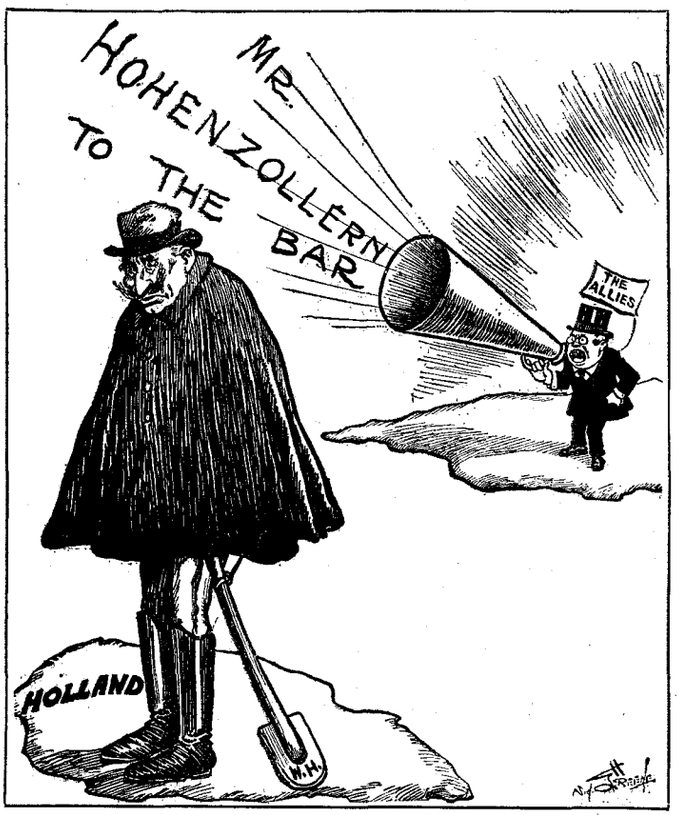
Bushnell for the Central Press Association

IF THE FIRE EVER REACHES THE JUNGLE—

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

THE POISONED PEN

Greene in the New York Evening Telegram



"I HEAR THEM CALLING ME"

Morris in the Sioux Falls Press

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

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(C) Underwood & Underwood

LILLE, AS LEFT BY THE GERMANS

to Professor Ernest Dimnet, care of Messrs. Henry Clews & Company, Bankers, 15 Broad Street, New York City?

BELGIUM—FIRST TO FIGHT AND FIRST TO WORK

THE other day, in New York City, a $25,000,000 Belgian loan was doubly subscribed during business hours.

One reason for this was because the word "Belgium" more than any other word has meant the reason why England went into the war and why America went in too. The pathetic condition of Belgium, outrageously overwhelmed by a mighty neighbor, and yet stoutly standing like David before Goliath, appealed even to the German Chancellor himself.

Secondly, Belgium appealed because she had always been a self-respecting and thrifty housekeeper. The most densely populated country in the world, Belgium had become the most intensively cultivated country—a main reason for this being because of the wide distribution of land ownership, one man in six being an owner. Again, industrially, the Belgians are excelled by no people in spirit, technique, and skill. In respect to value of trade per head of population Belgium has been first in the world.

Given these advantages, the world had a right to expect that Belgium would "come back," even though the Germans had smothered the country so effectively that, when the war ended, the factory chimneys were smokeless, trains could be only partially run, and the city streets were filled, but with an aimless throng. Contrast all that with the Belgium of to-day. In the fields men, women, and children have been busy raising unexpected crops, and are now enjoying their reward. In the cities black smoke is again curling from the factory chimneys. On the railways nearly all the standard gauge lines have been reconstructed, and in the freight transport the movement is already equal to about two-thirds of that before the war. More remarkable still is the record of the mines. Coal production is at present nearly ninety-nine per cent of the output for the corresponding period five years ago. But to us Americans the resumption of industry in Belgium was most evident the other day when a cargo of sugar was received at the port of New York from the port of Antwerp; we learn that the restoration of the refined sugar industry in Belgium is no less than one hundred per cent. For cotton the figures are eighty per cent; for wool, seventy-five per cent; for shoes, seventy per cent. Even the glass and steel industries, having suffered most of any, have been restored by about one-third. What a contrast, all this, to the record of most other devastated countries!

The Belgian loan in America might have been twice as large and still have been "put over."

AN AMERICAN SONG-CYCLE ON A RUSSIAN THEME

IF music is to be judged by its effect on the hearer, a recent work by an American composer must be graded very high. Indeed, we doubt whether there is any other composition in musical literature which competent testimony declares to have had the effect that this had. After the performance, in New York City, of a song-cycle entitled "Russians," composed by Daniel Gregory Mason to words by Witter Bynner, and sung by Reinald Werrenrath, the musical critic of the New York "Sun" declared "that he was unable to gather his scattered wits before the whole affair had ended and left him prone upon his mental back." We have never seen any one prone upon his back, mental or physical. Any music that can bring about such a posture must be extraordinary.

These songs of Russian life become, when set to Mr. Mason's music, a group of dramatic vocal tone poems. What Mr. Mason does is to employ the voice and a full orchestra in a dramatic reading of these sets of verses. To describe them as songs would be to give a wrong impression of their effect and their character. The words are in free verse or rather unrhymed rhythmic stanzas, and the music corresponds to the character of the verse. A casual listener happening upon a concert where this cycle was performed without being able to see a programme, might very properly imagine that it was an excerpt or a group of excerpts from a music drama. In one of them Mr. Mason resorts to a "stunt" with which composers time out of mind have diverted themselves—the "stunt" of using the orchestra to imitate something that is not orchestral. We imagine that when Mendelssohn made the donkey bray, when Beethoven imitated the birds and other rural sounds, when Strauss set his orchestra to bleating like sheep, the composer in each case found even more entertainment from his own playful mood than any audience. In this case Mr. Mason makes his orchestra sound like a concertina or accordion, and he does it very well. The whole work is a proof of Mr. Mason's sense of the dramatic, his skill in the employment of the voice, and his mastery of the craft of instrumentation.

The result is a skillful piece of programme music in which the singer announces the programme as the piece is played. It is music used to enhance the telling of a story. The advantage of music of this kind is that those who are not sure that they like music that is not primarily tuneful can at least be interested in the story which the words tell, and are likely to be very much more impressed with the words as they are declaimed with the aid of a full orchestra than they would be by simply sitting and reading them by themselves. Employed in this way, music is a sort of handmaiden or at best a lady-in-waiting, but is not queen in her own right.

AN AMERICAN STRING-QUARTETTE ON A NEGRO THEME

WHAT seems to us at first hearing much more worth while is a string quartette of Mr. Mason's which was performed by the Flonzaleys in New York City a few days before the first performance of this cycle in Brooklyn. This string quartette is founded on Negro themes. We hope it will remain in the repertory of the

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Flonzaleys, to whom it is dedicated. There are very few string quartettes by living composers that have the spontaneity combined with the musicianship of this work of Mr. Mason's.

In writing chamber music the composer is beset with two temptations: on the one hand he is tempted to evoke orchestral effects from a group of instruments which ought to remain individual; and on the other hand he is tempted to overwork his instruments, to overlay the simple structure of the

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

music with a mass of decoration. In music, as in the use of written or spoken language, simplicity in the expression of great ideas is most difficult of attainment. Sometimes even a genius in search for a simple expression of profound conceptions seems obscure and cryptic, as does Beethoven in his later quartettes. On the other hand, genius may fall into the opposite extreme of over-elaboration, as Bach sometimes does. To find the middle ground between the obscurity of the over-simplified and the obscurity of the over-elaborate is the task of the composer when he attempts to write for the string quartette. Mr. Mason has woven his musical cloth with very great skill and he has wrought a beautiful pattern. The faults of the product are due to the fineness and complexity of the weave. The result, nevertheless, is both beautiful and interesting. The Negro themes which are employed do not determine the character or style of the work, for that is not negroid, but, if we may coin the word, is Masonic. The influence of the modern French school is obvious in the idiom which Mr. Mason employs.

In these two compositions, the song-cycle and the string-quartette, Mr. Mason has gone for inspiration outside the ordinary circle of American experiences. We wonder why American composers do not turn more naturally to the kind of music which the ordinary American enjoys—the kind of music that flourished in our camps and cantonments and among the "doughboys" overseas. Rich musical material lies at the hand of every American composer.

SAVE THE AIR MAIL

In The Outlook of December 24 Mr. James H. Collins told the story of our vanishing airplane industry. It was a tragic story of a Nation blindly throwing away millions of dollars' worth of material and trained skill for the want of a settled policy for the development of an industry with commercial and military possibilities. In that article Mr. Collins said: "The most active support now being given is that of the Post Office, which, while hampered by lack of an adequate appropriation, has been establishing experimental mail routes."

The Post Office asked for $3,000,000 for the ensuing year to develop its aeronautic work. The House Post Office Committee cut this request to $850,000. The House itself struck even this inadequate amount from the Appropriation Bill for the next year, on the ground that it costs more per ton mile to carry mail by airplane than by train. The fight to eliminate the appropriation of $850,000 was led by the Republican floor leader, Representative Mondell, and Representative Madden, also a Republican.

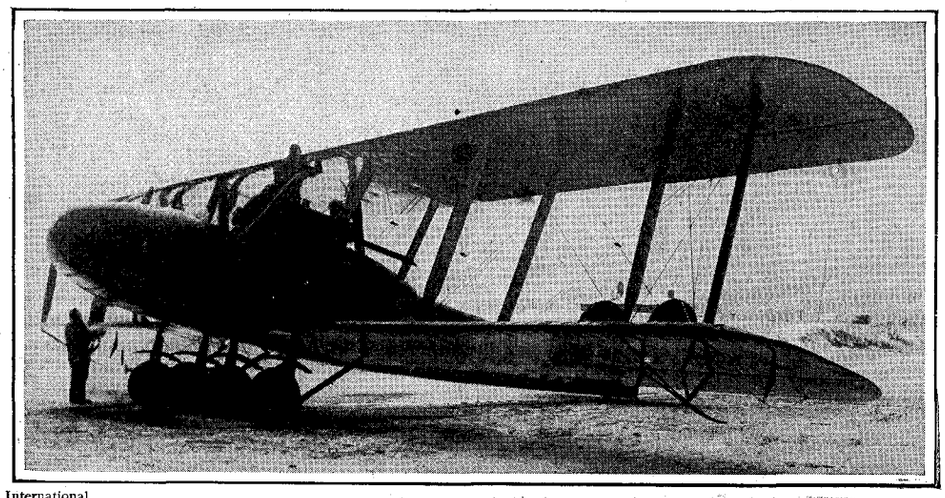
When we consider what other nations are doing to develop aeronautics, such arguments as those put forward by Representative Mondell are hardly worth discussing. Naturally, it costs more to send mail by airplane than by train; probably it always will. Certainly this is to be expected while the air service is still in its infancy. Mr. Mondell's argument is equally true and equally pertinent if we compare the cost of transportation by railway train and canal boat. Does Mr. Mondell argue for a return to water transportation when physically feasible?

The question is, of course, much larger than one of mere dollars and cents. It is a question of progress in an industry vitally necessary to the future of our country or of weak-kneed retrogression and abandonment. The fact that Mr. Burleson's Department is to be found working on the side of progress should not lead any one to view that progress with suspicion. Accidents will happen.

EDUCATE THE IMMIGRANTS

The other day, in an address before the New York Chamber of Commerce, Major Stanley Washburn, who has spent several years in Russia, pointed out the necessity of American economic and educational effort to relieve the Bolshevist peril in Russia and America alike. As to economic effort, an editorial in The Outlook recently spoke of the admirable work of our Transportation Commission, under John F. Stevens, which has saved the Trans-Siberian Railway. On the educational side we may call attention to the work of the Russian Collegiate Institute at 219 Second Avenue, New York City, which, despite its name, conducts very elementary classes and lectures as well as technical and agricultural courses. There is in the United States no other organization for such work among the many Russians here. It was founded and is successfully maintained by those who appreciate that a main cause for Bolshevist success among Russian immigrants is that they have had no opportunity to acquaint themselves with the spirit of our institutions, indeed are unable to take advantage of the opportunities offered to any one coming to our shores.

The necessity of an immigrant's learning English if he expects to become a citizen is of course evident. Not so evident is the desirability of learning English by temporary sojourners and getting in touch with American culture. Yet it would greatly increase their usefulness while staying here and would make them even more useful after they return home.



International

A "MARTIN BOMBER," THE LARGEST AIRPLANE IN THE U. S. MAIL SERVICE

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It is their natural mission, after they return home, to be a living chain between the two countries, a factor which would promote friendship and co-operation between Russia and the United States. But this is possible only on the condition that they return to Russia with a knowledge of what the United States is. Under present conditions they may stay here for years and yet be thoroughly isolated from American life and culture; they are blind to the life around them, and therefore are easily used by those who are interested in misrepresenting the ideals and culture of this country.

CHILDREN'S COLONIES

DURING the past few years many French children have found it difficult to keep their minds on their lessons while they listened for exploding shells. And they have found it irksome to read beside a smoking lamp or flickering candle in the cellars and dugouts in which they were housed.

Many other children with their mothers were compelled to leave their homes and move to the already overcrowded towns and cities. With their fathers away in the army and their mothers busy with work all day in the munition plant, those little children were robbed of their rightful heritage of home and school.

So the American Committee for Devastated France established children's colonies. During the last two years its colony nearest Paris has taken care of more than three hundred children. It is at Boullay-Thierry. About a hundred and twenty-five children are daily cared for at a cost of a dollar a day apiece. Of this charge Miss Anne Morgan said some time ago:

> It seems greatly in excess of the sum asked by other relief societies, but the difference lies in the fact that our children have been under German rule for four years without physical or mental care, and are, in consequence, undeveloped. Our efforts are to regain this loss of four years in a child's life and bring it back to a normal standard. To do this we have to give them intensive training. We have French teachers in the ordinary curriculum and special teachers in manual training and domestic science and in out-of-door gardening and in physical exercises. The children must be especially fed after four years' slow starvation, and dentistry and medical care are most important.

The French Government controls education and school buildings, but at this time, when few school buildings are standing and no school accessories are left, any foreign efforts like those above mentioned are greatly needed to help create a new life for the many unfortunate boys and girls in France. On their well-being the future prosperity of France largely depends.

THE OUTLOOK'S POLITICAL PLATFORM

FOR whom are you going to vote next fall?

Quite as important is the question, For what are you going to vote?

In electing a President we elect either a dishonest man or a man who will honestly endeavor to carry out the principles to which he and his party have pledged themselves. There are somewhat more than a hundred and ten million men, women, and children living in the United States. About twenty-five million of them are voters and can control the political fortunes not only of the other eighty-five millions but of other millions who live in other lands under the jurisdiction of the United States. What is the duty of these twenty-five governing millions toward the other millions whom they govern? What is their duty toward other world peoples whom they do not govern but whose political welfare their action may directly and materially affect? This is the question we voters in this commonwealth have to answer next fall. And for our answer we must give account to our own consciences, to our fellow-men, and to our God. This is the question on which in what follows we desire to throw a little light. We wish to consider, not what are our rights, not what are our expediencies, but what are our duties.

I. We twenty-five millions owe a duty of protection to the other millions: protection of their persons and their property, whatever their race or color or birthplace or residence or religious faith or political opinions. No one is so rich that he can claim independence of our laws or so poor that he may not claim the protection of our laws, so wise that he may disregard them or so crazy that we may disregard him. At home or abroad, on land or on sea, native born or naturalized, we Americans have a right to demand the protection of our country from foreign foes and domestic criminals; and what we have a right to demand for ourselves from our fellow-citizens it is our duty to render ourselves to our fellow-citizens.

II. It is our duty so to equip ourselves that we may furnish this protection to all who need it and enforce the laws which we have enacted on all who seek to evade or resist them. It is our duty therefore to maintain police in our States and a Federal army large enough to furnish protection where the local police (including State constabulary) cannot. And the army should be no larger; for a large standing army has always been fatal to liberty.

But never again ought we to be compelled to send our young men to the field of battle unprepared, undisciplined, unequipped. A nation which governs itself and teaches itself ought to be prepared to protect itself. Therefore universal training is a duty we owe to the millions who are trusting America for protection. Universal military training is not only a wise policy, because it gives to our polyglot population what they sorely need—physical culture, sanitary knowledge, prompt obedience, team-work, and practical patriotism; but it is a duty, because it prepares us for self-protection if ever again there shall be a cause for National self-protection.

A republic is a mutual benefit association. Its primary duty is the protection of all its members. When it fails to fulfill that duty, its members are thrown back upon the fundamental right of self-defense. It is because our police are armed that citizens no longer carry their swords in the now peaceful streets. It is because there are courts to settle domestic quarrels that family feuds and private wars have ceased. It is because the navies have swept the pirates off the seas that our merchant vessels no longer go armed. When in 1915 it was proposed that America furnish no protection to Americans upon the ocean, the counter-proposal was at once made that American ships arm themselves for their own protection. The proposal made by pacifists in the interest of peace, if adopted, would have promoted widespread oceanic warfare.

III. The Creator has given us a land rich in natural resources—forests, water powers, mines. But this is not given us to use as we will. We have in it only a life estate. We have no right to use it carelessly and wastefully, negligent of the interests and rights of those who will come after us, nor to allow this wealth to fall into the hands of private profiteers to be used by them for their sole advantage. It is our duty to conserve this wealth that our children and our children's children may share with us in the benefits of our and their inheritance. We have done well to transform the Great American Desert into a Garden of Eden; we are doing well to convert by irrigation arid soil into a fruitful land. It is our duty to treat our water powers, our forests, and our mines with a like forecasting wisdom. Conservation is more than a wise National policy; it is a duty we owe future generations for whom we are trustees.

IV. It is our duty to bequeath to the future not only a land enriched, not impoverished, by our use, but institutions and a people improved, not deteriorated, by our governing. It is the duty of the twenty-five million of voters to provide such a system of education, not only for our children, but also for the illiterate and ill-educated adults who are but children of a larger growth, as will fit them not only to govern themselves but to be the governors of others in our

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place when we are gone. Joseph Mazzini, writing about 1840 to workingmen on "The Duties of Man," interpreting the causes of the universal unrest in revolutionary Europe and indicating the cure, said: "To make yourselves better; this must be the aim of your life. You cannot make yourselves permanently less unhappy except by improving yourselves. Tyrants will arise by the thousand among you, if you fight only in the name of material interests or of a particular organization. A change of organization makes little difference if you and the other classes keep the passions and egoism of to-day." Prophetic words! worth repeating and re-repeating now when quack doctors are trying to cure social evils by substituting the despotism of the proletariat for that of the plutocrat.

The official programme of the "Russian Workers" in the United States says, "We hate authority, that eternal preserver of slavery and foe of freedom." Why should they not hate authority since they have known it only as the oppressor of the poor and the ignorant? It is our duty, governors of this Republic, to exhibit to them an authority, powerful and invincible, that is a protector of the poor and the ignorant against all oppression whether political, ecclesiastical, or industrial. And to give them an opportunity to make themselves less unhappy by improving themselves. If at the close of the Civil War the Nation had followed the counsels of some of its far-seeing statesmen and had aided States impoverished by the war to establish adequate systems of education and had given the ballot only to those who possessed the qualifications necessary to share in governing the Nation, we should have escaped the disastrous period of Reconstruction from which we have not yet fully recovered. The first duty we owe to the poor and the ignorant is protection; the second duty is education.

V. This Nation owes a duty to other nations. It cannot righteously, and therefore cannot safely, live to itself. It is rich enough, strong enough, and must learn to be wise enough and unselfish enough to share with the other civilized nations in bearing the "white man's burden." We do not say that it is our duty to adopt the League of Nations with or without reservations; but it is our duty to join with the other great civilized Powers in some form of international co-operation, not merely to secure a world peace, but to establish international law and international justice, and to promote the world's welfare.

VI. Pledges and platforms are useless unless we elect men who will fulfill them. It is our duty to make loyalty to party, to persons, to favorite sons, secondary, loyalty to the Nation and its honor and welfare supreme. We want for President one who not only believes in these principles, but one who believes that public office is a public trust and that public business should be conducted on business principles, and with sagacity and force to fight at whatever cost to himself or his party not only the conscienceless thieves who seek to plunder the treasury for their own personal profit, but also those idealists who are eager to be generous with other people's money in order to realize their ideals. Public honesty, public economy, and, for that purpose, a public budget, are essential to good government.

We sum up, then, in six brief sentences, what we may call The Outlook's Presidential Platform, for which The Outlook will stand whatever may be the platform of political parties or political candidates:

Protection of all Americans, at home or abroad, on land or on sea.

Universal military training.

Conservation of National resources.

National aid to public education.

International co-operation.

Honesty and economy in administration.

DOES HOLLAND LIKE HER GUEST?

IN The Hague, the capital of the Netherlands, three famous buildings stand as monuments to the public law of nations. It was in the House in the Woods that the First Hague Conference assembled in 1899. It was in the Knights' House that the Second Hague Conference assembled in 1907. And it was in the Peace Palace that a large and distinguished company of envoys from practically all the civilized nations of the world assembled in a ceremonial of dedication in 1913.

The very fact that these gatherings took place is evidence of the existence of international law and the acknowledgment of its validity. In the most solemn manner possible the participating nations framed agreements embodying international law, and exchanged pledges of their adherence to them. By explicitly taking exception to certain provisions and reserving liberty of action regarding those specified, a considerable number of the nations represented at the two Conferences made it especially clear that they recognized their obligation to observe all the other provisions. Among the participating nations was the German Empire, represented by high officials bearing the sanction and credentials of the Kaiser.

It would be tedious to recite all the provisions of international law to which Germany then gave her written pledge. It may, however, serve as a reminder of the nature of the law to which Germany with the other nations subscribed to quote some of its provisions as framed at the Hague Conference:

Convention V of The Hague (1907), *Article 2.* It is forbidden to belligerents to send across the territory of a neutral Power either troops or convoys, whether of ammunition or food supplies.

Regulations of The Hague, Article 23. It is forbidden: To kill or wound an enemy who, having laid down his arms, or no longer having means of defense, has surrendered at discretion.

To declare that no quarter will be given.

Regulations of The Hague, Articles 1 and 2. The laws, rights, and duties of war apply not only to armies, but also to militia and volunteer corps fulfilling the following conditions:

(1) They must be commanded by a person responsible for his subordinates;

(2) They must have a fixed distinctive emblem recognizable at a distance.

(3) They must carry arms openly; and

4. They must conduct their operations in accordance with the laws and customs of war.

The inhabitants of a territory not under occupation, who, on the approach of the enemy, spontaneously take up arms to resist the invading troops without having had time to organize themselves in accordance with Article 1, shall be regarded as belligerents, if they carry arms openly and if they respect the laws and customs of war.

Regulations of The Hague, Article 47. Pillage is expressly forbidden.

Declaration of The Hague, July 29, 1899. The contracting Powers agree to abstain from the use of projectiles the sole object of which is to disseminate asphyxiating or deleterious gases.

Regulations of The Hague, Articles 25 and 27. The attack or bombardment, by any means whatever, of undefended towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings, is forbidden.

In sieges and bombardments all necessary steps must be taken to spare, as far as possible, buildings dedicated to public worship, art, science, or charitable purposes, historic monuments, hospitals, and places where sick and wounded are collected, provided they are not being used at the time for military purposes.

Regulations of The Hague, Part of Article 23. A belligerent is likewise forbidden to compel the subjects of the hostile party to take part in the operations of war directed against their own country.

These provisions are not recommendations. They are laws, codified and recognized as binding. Neither are they experimental laws. They are rather the formal rephrasing of international common law embodied in the usages of civilized nations and frequently framed in the army regulations of the several nations. Germany almost alone among the nations sanctioned, in her War Book of the General Staff, disregard of some of the most important of these provisions. That fact, so far from excusing her or relieving her from the obligation she assumed in sign-

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ing the Hague Conventions, Regulations, and Declarations, simply proves that her violation of the public law of nations to which she adhered was deliberate and official.

When, therefore, at the outset of hostilities in August, 1914, Germany violated the neutralized and therefore neutral territory of Belgium, killed prisoners, refused quarter, treated Belgian defenders of their homes as outlaws, organized pillage, bombarded undefended places, adopted as a means of frightfulness the policy of destroying monuments of art, churches, and hospitals, drove women and children in front of her troops as a screen, and later took the initiative in using poison gas, Germany became a criminal nation, and the German Kaiser, the War Lord, who willingly and boastingly accepted responsibility for the German nation's deeds, became the arch-criminal.

It was the German doctrine that there was no such thing as the public law of nations. It was for the very purpose of claiming that the German will to power was superior to any international law, and that the Kaiser's claim to authority, therefore, was supreme over any law of nations, that Germany attacked her neighbors. And it was in defense of the validity of international law, the supremacy of the public law of nations over the arbitrary will of this criminal nation and its criminal Kaiser, that nation after nation took up arms to resist the German invaders. When America finally joined her strength to the others, it was not in order to secure for Poland a corridor to the sea, or to provide the Croats with a port on the Adriatic, or to neutralize the Dardanelles, or even to put an end to war. The doughboys knew more about the war than the politicians. They were out to suppress a gang of criminals, and to rid the world of the leader of the gang. As they expressed it, they fought to "can the Kaiser." And they canned him.

How does Holland like being the can?

Apparently she is content.

Is it not strange that the native land of Raemaekers, who pilloried the Kaiser with his pencil, is ready to treat this criminal as a guest? Is it not strange that the Netherlands, the native land of Grotius, father of modern international law, should choose to keep this War Lord, who set out to destroy international law, as a political refugee? Is it not strange that the country which was chosen as the most appropriate seat of the Conferences that codified the public law of nations should take pride in preserving from just punishment the head of the Potsdam gang which plotted to destroy the very structure of law that those Conferences erected?

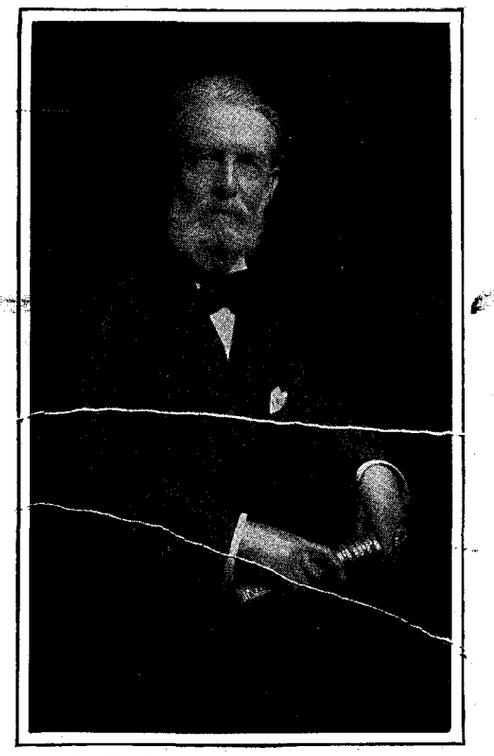
In replying to the demand of the Entente Powers for the person of William Hohenzollern that no law exists under which she can give him up, Holland repudiates the very body of law which was drafted and adopted on her soil.

If the chief of the German criminals, of whose devastating thuggery Belgium and northern France bear everlasting evidence, remains in his Dutch asylum, international law may suffer, mankind's sense of justice may suffer, but the chief sufferer will be Holland herself.

JAMES MORRIS WHITON

DR. JAMES M. WHITON, for many years attached to the editorial staff of The Outlook, died in New York on January 25.

Dr. Whiton was both a theological



Campbell Studios

JAMES M. WHITON

scholar and a theological reformer. He was familiar with schools of thought which used to be highly esteemed but of late have gone out of fashion. In former years he had taught both Greek and Latin, which to him were living, not dead, languages. The theological and ecclesiastical classics were old friends, and to Dr. Whiton once a friend was always a friend. But in his own thinking he was both broad and progressive. His intellectual imagination enabled him to see the spiritual truth in all forms of faith—in the Latin and Greek as well as in the English, in the ancient as well as in the modern, in the Roman Catholic as well as in the Protestant, and in the Jewish and Pagan as well as in the Christian. He saw in all devout souls seekers after God, and was eager to know what they had found or thought they had found, whatever their school. But his catholicity was as far removed from the theological indifference which often passes for catholicity as was his assurance of faith from the dogmatism which often masquerades as religious experience. He held that nothing should be forgotten merely because it was old, or discarded merely because it was new, and was interested alike in modern psychical research and in the writings of Augustine and Origen. He had no fear of heresy, which was often as interesting to him as orthodoxy, and his intellectual readiness to investigate every school of thought and his desire to find something of truth in every philosophy made him in his early years an object of suspicion to more cautious, not to say timid, thinkers. Like most intellectual explorers, he sometimes had experiences of intellectual loneliness. But we doubt whether any other man has done more than he to show the substantial unity of the spiritual faith which animates all phases of truly religious thinking.

Dr. Whiton was nearing the completion of his eighty-seventh year, having been born on April 11, 1833. Just twenty years later he graduated at Yale, in the famous class of 1853. One does not think of Dr. Whiton as an athlete, yet in his college days he rowed bow oar in the first boat race between Yale and Harvard. He was distinguished as an educator, a scholar, and a preacher. In the first-named activity of his career he served as the head of two of the important college-fitting schools of the country, the Hopkins Grammar School and Williston Seminary at East Hampton. As a scholar he was associated in the preparation of various classical textbooks and works of reference. As a minister he filled pulpits of the Congregational Church in this country, and several times preached during the summer months with great acceptance in famous English churches.

As a theologian Dr. Whiton was a keen and able controversialist as well as a writer on spiritual and religious topics. Among his best-known writings were "Gloria Patri" and "The Law of Liberty." For The Outlook he reviewed many important works of philosophy and religion and his service was valuable as that of a kind of consulting scholar. His intellectual acuteness and accuracy were quite remarkable. In commenting upon Dr. Whiton's sixtieth wedding anniversary in 1915 The Outlook pointed out that while he was a classical scholar of distinction, yet his main interest had been in the onward movement of the day rather than in the achievement of the past.

An erudite scholar, a sincere and frank teacher, a loyal friend, and a devoted Christian, Dr. Whiton had a long and

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useful life and lived to see in the current religious thought of his old age a harvest from seed which he had sowed in earlier years.

A TIP FOR RESTAURATEURS

A LITTLE restaurant next door to The Outlook office has adopted a system of payment for service which deserves widespread imitation.

The patron of this restaurant finds on the back of his menu card a notice which reads as follows:

TO OUR PATRONS

Help elevate the waiter by abolishing the Tipping System, a system which is a relic of Old Europe. It is essentially un-American and there is no doubt that the question of non-tipping will become universal before long.

A tip is a gratuity, the sum depending entirely upon the generosity of the donor, and places the undeniable stamp of servitude upon the Waiters' Profession.

We therefore appeal to our guests to aid us in introducing an innovation; we propose to replace the Tip with a service charge. At the end of each week the various waiters receive the total of service charges appearing on their checks.

A charge of ten per cent (in units of five cents) for service will be added to the amount of the check.

A waiter accepting a tip is liable to dismissal. THE MANAGEMENT.

When the patron's bill is left on his table he finds the ten per cent referred to in this notice added to the cost of his meal. He pays the total sum to the cashier as he leaves the restaurant. His departure is not clouded by the shadow of any lean and hungry waiter in the offing, ready to pounce upon such gratuity as he may choose to leave. Nor is the patron forced to go through any Hamlet-like soliloquy, discussing with his conscience the problem of the size of the tip.

The waiters at this restaurant say that this definite percentage charge for service suits them from the ground up. They like this system because it puts them on the basis of salesmen and takes them out of the class of obsequious retainers. They are salesmen under this system because the more they can persuade their customers to buy the more they get. They do not depend upon the varying generosity of their customers for the emolument which they have come to look upon as a necessary part of their wage. They claim that under the percentage system they get practically as much as under the old tipping system, and that under the new order of things they have not only gained in their feeling of self-respect, but that they are also able to do their work more efficiently. At the particular restaurant from whose menu card we have quoted the foregoing notice there seems to be no tendency to tip in addition to the percentage charged on the bill. The waiters apparently expect nothing more than they are entitled to under the rule of the restaurant. The plan appears to be working successfully for all concerned.

Some people like to have practical illustrations as to the working of new systems as well as a discussion of the theories involved. For such practical-minded souls we have worked out a little example showing exactly how this percentage system works.

Let us suppose that the practical-minded person referred to here enters a medium-priced restaurant (say of the toothpick *compris* class) in which the percentage system is in force. Let us suppose that, having a well-lined purse, this practical-minded individual extravagantly orders two fish-balls and a cup of coffee. When his bill is handed to him at the conclusion of the meal, he will find perhaps that the fish-balls are $35 per ball, costing him, for the brace, the sum of $70. Allowing $30 for the cup of coffee, the entire bill will then reach the sum of $100. Ten per cent of this will, in addition, go to the waiter, and the practical-minded person's check will thus read, food $100, service charge $10.

In an elementary sort of way this may help to explain the working of this system. We have not attempted to work out an example from the menu card of a high-priced restaurant. The effort might involve us in a struggle with differential calculus, at which we have never been very strong, or in a heated controversy with Mr. Einstein.

SHOULD THE ARMY AND NAVY BE MUZZLED?

THE controversy between Admiral Sims and Secretary Daniels is very much more than a personal quarrel between a subordinate and a superior. It is a controversy which involves far-reaching principles of military and naval administration. Admiral Sims, professional fighter, stands for the belief that soldiers and sailors have the right to offer constructive criticism which they believe will work for the best interests of their service. Again and again he has not hesitated to risk his future in the Navy for the sake of what he believed to be the best interests of the service. Secretary Daniels, on the other hand (we were almost tempted to classify him as a professional civilian), has shown in more than one instance that he neither welcomes nor approves of full and independent criticism and discussion of problems of naval administration even through that rigid and inelastic conduit known as "the proper channel." Admiral Sims's recent criticism, of which we gave an outline last week, it will be remembered, was offered to the Department in direct compliance with conventional procedure. Never before, to our knowledge, have the restrictions upon publication by officers on the active, retired, and reserve list been so severely enforced as at the present time. Ask Admiral Fiske, for instance, how much liberty an officer on the retired list has to voice his criticisms of naval administration.

Do Civilian Parallels Hold?

In any university worthy of the name instructors, professors, and executives are free to discuss policies, plans, and new developments. If a teacher of English believes that greater emphasis should be laid upon the work of his department, he is free to say so. If he differs with a fellow-teacher of English as to the methods of applying this emphasis, each is free to battle for the introduction of his own ideas.

In any properly organized industrial concern, subordinates have the right of offering constructive suggestions, of proposing new plans for development, and even of criticising in open conference the plans of their superiors. This right is limited only by the tact of the subordinate and the good judgment of the superior in his encouragement of independent and constructive thinking. Is the situation as it exists in universities and industries at all analogous to that which exists in our naval and military service?

Where Should the Line be Drawn?

It is perfectly natural, of course, for a professor of English to debate at length whether it is better for a freshman to study "Julius Cæsar" or the "Faerie Queene." We can think of few questions which might arise in the English department of a university which would call for a military order and military obedience.

In some phases of industry, "military" obedience is absolutely necessary. Engineering work of all kinds gives frequent rise to situations in which there is no room for debate. But engineering also gives rise to many situations in which debate, criticism, and discussion are absolutely essential. It will be easily seen that engineering offers the closest and most instructive parallel with naval or military service. In engineering the line of debate is drawn at the point where planning ceases and execution begins.

Men of the type of Admiral Sims

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would draw the line in the military and naval service at exactly the same point. When Admiral Sims, as a young officer, violated naval precedent by appealing directly to President Roosevelt with a description of the atrocious shooting of our battleships, he rendered an unsurpassed service to the American Navy. The fact that he went over the heads of his superior officers with a constructive criticism of the naval service did not in any way lessen his power or willingness to obey the orders of his superiors when it came to commands of execution. Sims was successful in this break with custom and tradition because there happened to be in the White House a man who understood the fact as well as the theory of discipline.

A Question of Judgment

To say that the line should be drawn between questions of execution and questions of planning is, of course, not the equivalent of throwing the door open to indiscriminate bickerings over personal differences. The line between execution and planning may be drawn with comparative exactness. But the line between constructive and helpful criticism, and criticism which creates ill-feeling, fosters insubordination of spirit, and destroys morale can be determined only by the judgment and intelligence of the parties concerned. The narrow-minded executive will take any criticism as insubordination, no matter in what spirit it is offered. The broad-minded executive will encourage criticism and discussion because he knows that instead of destroying the efficiency of the organization intrusted to his care he will promote it by such a process.

The military and naval officer must have a twofold habit of mind. He must not only give implicit obedience to commands of execution, but he must also learn to think and act for himself. The officer forbidden to criticise and discuss and denied access to the fullest hearing by his superiors may easily develop the power to give implicit obedience, but he will stand little chance of developing those higher powers of command which require initiative and constructive thinking.

It Always Comes Back to the Man

And in every instance, the problem of proper and improper criticism always comes back to the personal equation. One man will promote discipline, initiative, and co-operation where his fellow-officer of equal technical ability will destroy morale and generate enough friction to start a blaze which obscures all the real points at issue. It is impossible to judge the immediate relationship of Admiral Sims with his superior without an understanding of the Admiral's character and past achievement.

It is true that he has time and again upset the apple-cart of departmental self-sufficiency, but in every instance, so far as we know, he has absolutely justified the courage of his convictions. He has proved that he possesses the twofold character which must be the portion of an ideal commander. He can obey orders, but he can also act and think for himself.

His power to discriminate between action helping and action hindering real discipline and real morale was never better illustrated than in the story of his relationship with the British Navy during the war. He was confronted by a situation in which co-operation was absolutely essential to success. He effected this co-operation without any surrender of his own personality or any sacrifice of the spirit and morale of the naval vessels under his command. The man who accomplished what Admiral Sims did in co-operation with the British Navy is not a man who lacks in judgment or is temperamentally insubordinate.

Two members of the editorial staff of The Outlook were fortunate enough to see at first hand the effect of Admiral Sims's relationship with our British allies. One of them draws the following picture of Admiral Sims in Great Britain. As an illustration of applied principles of military and naval discipline we publish this sketch here.

Admiral Sims in Action

"Blunt and outspoken as he is on occasions, Admiral Sims is expert in the practice of reticence. It is not always easy for a man in high position to keep his own counsel, for there is a multitude of ways by which a man may betray his own thoughts or the information he has without intending to do so. In some situations, in order not to say anything of significance, it is necessary to say something of insignificance. This was illustrated by Admiral Sims while he was in England during the war and after the armistice on several occasions. Of course he was repeatedly invited to make public addresses. Naturally, in such instances his hearers expected him to say something about naval operations, about the American Navy, and, in particular, about the co-operation between the naval men of America and Great Britain. During the war and the weeks immediately following the close of hostilities, however, reticence was in order, and the way in which Admiral Sims practiced it may be illustrated by a speech he made at a dinner in London of the English Speaking Union. On that evening there assembled in one of London's large banquet halls several hundred people, both British and American, whose purpose was to promote the development of close relations between the British Empire and the United States. One of the speakers was Admiral Sims. He might naturally have said something about the subject, particularly in the light of the relations between the navies of the two nations. His audience was therefore alert and ready for pertinent remarks. Admiral Sims rose, tall, thin, angular. He began by telling some stories. They were all stories of a distinctively American cast. He told, for instance, of the cowboy that blew into a Western bar-room and as he entered saw a man lying paralyzed in front of the bar. When the cowboy was asked by the bartender to name his drink he pointed to this helpless figure and said, 'Give me some of that.' The audience, predominantly British, enjoyed hugely the American flavor of the Admiral's stories, and in their enjoyment forgot that they were expecting to hear something about the British and American navies.

Admiral Sims and a British Sea Dog

"Better than anything Admiral Sims might have said was the result of what he had done. Under his leadership the co-operation between the Americans and the British on the sea was as near perfect as anything human very well could be. At Queenstown, where our destroyer fleet had its base, the British naval officer in command was Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly. His face, tanned by fog and wind and sun, wrinkled with care and thought and humor, showed his character clearly. There was that kindly severity about it that seems to be the effect of a seafaring life upon fine and stalwart personality. Inflexible in demanding the utmost from his subordinates because he was unsparing of himself, he had the power to discover merit, and he never grudged praise that was fairly earned.

"Our young naval officers in command of destroyers, some of them only a few months out of civil life, were as different from the typical British naval officer as the doughboy was different from the Tommy. The fact that these young Americans were ready to do anything this British admiral in command of them might ask, and the fact that the Admiral gave his orders in confidence that they would be carried out in letter and in spirit, full measure running over, testify alike to the high quality of the American personnel and the ability of Admiral Bayly. No football team was ever more loyal to its most popular coach, no coach was ever so proud of his football team.

"If that had been the only place where naval co-operation between Americans and British had existed, the success of it might have been attributed solely to the officers and the British admiral. But the same kind of co-operation existed in the Grand Fleet with which our American battleships were associated. Indeed, these American battleships were for the time being an integral part of the British Grand Fleet. The Americans were proud of the British and the British were proud of the Americans.

"What is apt to be forgotten, however, is that these men of the destroyer fleet and of the battleship fleet could hardly have had this spirit in common if it had not been for the American admiral in command of all, Admiral Sims."

If all naval and military officers and all naval and military secretaries had as great an appreciation as Admiral Sims of the fundamental principles of administration, we would have a better Army and Navy and fewer controversies for investigation by Congress.

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KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

FEASTING AND DANCING

I am puzzled to know why a man who is as well acquainted with the Scriptures as you are should make the statement that Christ never fasted, as you did in "The Misunderstood Christ" in The Outlook of January 7th. To my mind you do not accept the authenticity of Matt. iv. 2, which reads, "And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterwards a hungered," or else you do not quite mean that he "*never* fasted."—E. V. C.

Will you kindly quote me the Scripture supporting your contention that "Christ never refers to dancing except with implied approval"?—A. J. A.

THE statement that Christ never fasted was a blunder. I should have said that he never participated in the church fasts of his time.

In addition to the fast prescribed by the Levitical Law (Lev. xxiii. 26–32), the Jews instituted several national fasts, chiefly to commemorate the several captures of Jerusalem by alien armies, and the stricter of the Pharisees fasted on the fifth and the second day of every week, because of the tradition that on the fifth day Moses went up into Mount Sinai and on the second day came down.

Apparently the disciples of John the Baptist observed certain of these fasts; Jesus did not observe and did not encourage his followers to observe any of them (Matt. ix. 14, 15). And he told them that if they ever should fast they should keep their fasting to themselves (Matt. vi. 18). "Appear not unto men to fast," he said. Further, he made clear to them when fasting is legitimate for his followers: "When the bridegroom is taken from them, then they will fast," he said. When Christ has withdrawn from the soul, when times of darkness hide or experiences of sin banish him from the soul, or the strong need of a clearer sense of his presence overcomes the desire for food, or a failure in doing work indicates a lack of his presence and power (Matt. xvii. 21), then there will be fasting. Fasting is truly Christian only when it is the natural expression of a Christian experience.

When Jesus desired by reflection and prayer to get a clear idea of his life mission, he retired into the wilderness to escape from interruption, and during this time of solitude he had for food only the scantiest supplies obtainable in the desert, such as the locusts and wild honey which constituted the diet of John the Baptist. And during this period of intellectual and emotional strain he needed nothing more. This is presumptively what is meant by the statement that when he had fasted forty days and forty nights he was an-hungered. It would not have required forty days of total abstinence from food to make him conscious of hunger. Similar intellectual and emotional strain comes at times to all of us. Then fasting is natural and advantageous. There are probably many men and some women to whom stated periods of fasting would be a benefit both physically and morally.

There are many references in the Old Testament which indicate that to the ancient Hebrews feasting was regarded more than fasting as a religious exercise. The reader will find an interesting and graphic illustration of this truth in the eighth chapter of the Book of Nehemiah. It is significant that except for the one special fasting in the wilderness Jesus is never reported to have fasted, and by his teaching and example distinctly discouraged stated and public fasts, but is never reported to have declined an invitation to social festivity and is reported to have accepted a number of such invitations (John ii. 1–11; Matt. ix. 9, 10; Luke vii. 36; xi. 37; xiv. 1; John xii. 1, 2). He began his ministry by attendance on a wedding festivity, to the joys of which he made a notable addition by his gift of wine, and he appointed as a memento of his life and love a social meal held on a day which, in the Jewish calendar, united patriotic memories like those of our Fourth of July with social festivities like those of our Thanksgiving Day.

Now let me turn to my other correspondent who asks about dancing. It might be a sufficient justification for my statement that Christ "never refers to dancing except with implied approval," to ask any critic to indicate some passage in the teaching of Jesus which constitutes an exception to that statement. But this would not satisfy my correspondent. And it would not satisfy me; because I do not wish to justify my statement, but to explain to my readers what by his example and his words Jesus Christ teaches us on this general subject.

He frequently compares the Kingdom of God to a feast, and on more than one occasion to a wedding feast. Dancing was habitually an incident and an important incident in the wedding feast, and was a very common incident in other feasts. That Christ ever criticised or condemned dancing is not indicated by any report which has come down to us, and his presence on such occasions carries with it an implied approval. In his story of the prodigal son he represents the father as welcoming the son, not only with robe and ring and fatted calf, but with merriment and music and dancing. "This," truly says Dean Alford, "is one of those by-glances into the lesser occupations and recreations of human life by which the Lord so often stamps his tacit approval on the joys and unbendings of men. Would these festal employments have been here mentioned by him on so blessed and solemn an occasion if they were really among those works of the devil which he came into the world to destroy?"

Not less striking and even more explicit is his reference to dancing in the striking contrast which he furnishes between his spirit and that of John the Baptist (Matt. xi. 16, 17). His religious teaching is a call to joy; John's, a call to mourning. He compares himself with a street musician who plays in the market place for the children, but the children will not dance.

I do not dance; I never learned how. I have sometimes regretted this failure in my education. I have not attended a ball half a dozen times in my life. At this writing I can recall only one such attendance. If a man finds dancing or witnessing dancing a temptation to self-degradation, he does right to abstain; but he has no right to condemn those who enjoy the colors, the music, the human grace and the rhythmic motion of the dance without temptation and without self-degradation. Christ has said explicitly, "Judge not, that ye be not judged;" he has never said, Do not dance.

What I have said here respecting feasting and dancing I add respecting the theater. The dramatic instinct is as truly a part of human nature as the artistic or the spiritual instinct. It crops out untrained in little children. It furnishes, when trained, a delightful entertainment and often a useful interpretation of life. I think New York City would be decidedly worse, not better, if all the theaters should be closed; though it would be better, not worse, if some of them were closed. The rector of St. George's Episcopal Church in New York City has lately invited some actors to read the Scripture lessons in certain church services. He has done a wise thing. He has selected actors of a reverent spirit who are able to give, by their intelligent reading of the Scripture, a significance to that portion of the service, which is too often performed perfunctorily; and at the same time he has borne a practical witness to the truth that the church and the theater can work together for the enrichment of the life of the community.

It is not the duty of the Christian to condemn all theaters, all dancing, or all feasting, any more than it was the duty of Christians in earlier days to condemn all pictures, all statues, and all novels. To go to feasts, but not to be dependent upon them; to enjoy life, but not live for enjoyment; to live in the world, but not set one's heart upon it; to accept the good gifts of God, and not make them occasions for vicious self-indulgence; to use the world, not abuse it—this is the ideal which the Christian teacher should set before his hearers, and which the follower of Jesus Christ should ever keep before himself.

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THE COLONEL'S LADY

THE SECOND OF FOUR STORIES OF THE "Y" AT WAR[1]

BY KATHERINE MAYO

AUTHOR OF "JUSTICE TO ALL" AND "THE STANDARD BEARERS"

NOW, the enlisted men's Y at Nice was nothing less than the famous Palais de la Jetée, the Jetty Casino, running out beyond the surf above blue water, a huge-roomed house of glass. Leaving the broad sea-front walk to approach the Casino door, one crosses, you remember, a sort of preliminary bridge. Well, along that bridge ran a dais; over the dais was an awning; on the dais a row of chairs; and in those chairs perpetually sat a row of American doughboys, with lordly, with sublime detachment contemplating sea and distant hills, while kneeling "dagoes" polished their boots.

Can you picture the majesty, the balm of it, to a man whom every one has ordered about, whom no one has served, this long, long time in the mud?

Then, entering, you found yourself in an antechamber, where you could check any encumbrance that you might want to drop. Then you mounted a few steps to where a broad foyer, expanding before you, revealed four things: On your left an enormous bulletin full of announcements of every kind of show or diversion that you could easily hope to see; ahead, a big, bright, breezy room where boys in khaki lounged at ease; on your right, behind a desk marked "Information," a sweet-faced American girl in Y uniform looking straight at you with an inviting smile; and just beside you the woman that you presently were going to think the dearest and kindest and best in all the world, excepting only your own mother. For the A. E. F. this description is a sufficient identification. For others her name may be added—Mrs. James Thomas Anderson, of Colorado Springs, the Colonel's lady.

If you looked gay and straight and rangy, as though your nap had set you up and you could go on under your own power, she probably let you gravitate to the girl at the desk, to talk things over, to get the lay of the land and to plan a little what to do first. But if you were shy, weary, heavy-hearted, half-sick, or out of luck, something that she carried within her knew it at once, and in a moment she was beside you, clasping your hand in a way all her own, and making you see your welcome through her kind blue eyes.

She did not patronize you. She did not ask personal questions. She made no fuss or stir. She did not urge you to any effort that you had not the will to make. She just truly felt toward you something that thawed its way straight through your heart and made you know that you had come, right here and now, to your very own.

And, whether you realized it or not, that was the one medicine that you needed more than any other thing on earth—the feeling that you, as an individual, had a place and welcome belonging to you—that *somebody cared*. Let who will call this sentimental nonsense—and prove thereby he knows not whereof he speaks.

The Jetty Casino, at Nice, was the enlisted man's home. The intention there was to provide him, under one roof, with every obtainable good thing that he desired beyond the bed, bath, and daily rations that formed the Army's part. The central rooms of the Casino—a succession of halls making one big ballroom—were used for daily and nightly dancing and for rollicking old-fashioned games. In the big salon to the right a concert was practically always in progress. Back of that a large and perfect floor was devoted to shuffleboard. Again on to the right came the dry canteen, operated from three sides, selling to three lines of men at once, open till half after eleven at night, and always busy.

Next on the sea side, out over the dancing blue water, ran an enormous glass front, lined with a long row of fine billiard tables. Then came the wet canteen, a most cheerful and immaculate place, filled with little tables for four, each table covered with blue-and-white checked oilcloth and surrounded by pretty wicker chairs. Here Y girls sold sandwiches, hot chocolate, coffee, milk, and cakes. Returning across the building on the far side, you found the theater with a vaudeville or soldier show or acrobats or jugglers or a cinema play. And finally, a big, breezy sun-parlor serving as a library and reading-room, with its rows upon rows of tables stacked with writing materials; with its home papers, books, and magazines; with its post office and its ready staff doing up boys' parcels of souvenirs, weighing, stamping, and mailing them, helping choose books, or dealing with whatever miscellany of small needs might come along.

From the earliest morning hour until well after midnight that sun-parlor would be well occupied. Usually it was absolutely full, a hundred or more boys writing and reading there at a time. Every seat in the theater would be filled during the afternoon and evening, while men stood many rows deep out into the hall behind.

The joy of sleeping in real beds, with no bugle call to break one's dreams and with nothing but one's own pleasure to indicate the rising hour, made many a happy sleepy head. Yet at seven o'clock in the morning the billiard balls would already be clicking. And no sooner had the boys risen from their light, unsatisfying, sweetless, butterless breakfast in the French hotels than they hastened straight to the Y to stand in never-ending line before the wet canteen.

The Nice Y prided itself on its sandwiches. They were big, tempting to look at, thickly buttered, and liberally filled with one or another of a variety of good things. And they often actually cost the Y twice the five cents (twenty-five centimes) for which they were sold. Any boy could buy all he wanted of anything on the counter. All prices were considerably lower there than anywhere else in Nice, and the canteen ran at a steady loss. As a typical weekly output, that of the week ending March 1, 1919, showed these figures:

Sandwiches	35,310
Cups of milk	8,200
Cups of coffee	4,960
Cups of cocoa	4,640
Packages of sweet biscuit	4,800
Kilos of biscuit in bulk	70
Train lunches	715
Dishes of ice-cream	1,981

Fresh milk, not "tinned cow," unheard of in any enlisted men's mess, was a much appreciated treat, as the figures show. And the joy of dumping into coffee and chocolate cups—big, gay cups of flowered *faience*, not kit tins—all the sugar you liked was by no means despised.

While the canteen ran without stop or stay from early morning until close upon midnight, the shuffleboard floor was always full, sixteen men playing at once. Orchestral music in the music room began at ten o'clock in the morning and again at half after one and at four in the afternoon. This was provided, as a rule, from French sources, and included instrumental soloists. The music played was usually serious in character; and half an hour before its scheduled time every seat in the hall would be taken by enlisted men, with all standing room rapidly filling.

Dancing, with a fine band, began regularly at four in the afternoon, and again in the early evening, to last till midnight, either more or less, as the need might be. No women but those in service uniform were admitted. And as their numbers could never equal the demand, a system was instituted by which, at the sound of a whistle blown at regular intervals, the waiting men "cut in" and took each the girl of his choice away from him who had her. Scarcely breaking step, for time and girls were precious, she would slide into her new partner's arms, and so off again, while the men banked the walls all around, waiting their turn.

Meantime, between the regular dancing hours, dancing might start at any time when some one dropped down at a piano and began to play. Sing-songs originated in the same way, and many a

[1] The first story of this series, "Billy's Hut," appeared in The Outlook of January 28, 1920. By the way, that story ended with the question by a private of Marines, "What in hell is Billy's other name?" In hell, we have no doubt, it is Anathema. Here on earth it is William C. Levere.—THE EDITORS.

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time at nine o'clock in the morning a huge and entirely unpremeditated sing-song would already be in full progress.

Parties started out daily, in the Y's big sightseeing motors, along the Corniche to the Italian border, up over the mountains to ancient fortifications, to Roman ruins, or to prehistoric villages. Launch trips from Nice to Monte Carlo, or to the islands in the Mediterranean, and sailing and fishing trips in the same waters, took out many hundreds of men daily. Tennis, baseball, golf, and other athletics were always going on. All of these things were the work of the organization only. And "hikes" of any number of enlisted men from five to fifty, led by one Y girl, were exceedingly popular.

The Y girl, wearing her triggest blue necktie, her fresh white gloves, made herself as smart as possible. The boys polished up to the best of their power. Each one got a canteen lunch, regularly packed for the purpose, and off they started for a long tramp to some high and lovely spot, where, once arrived, they would lie about on the grass, eat their lunches, and hear from the Y girl the stories of this and that ruined tower, this and that village or castle or island that dotted the extensive view.

The Y girl on a leave-area job had need, among other requisites, of all the physical strength and endurance that a woman can possess. Nice had a woman personnel numbering forty-six, which means that it was distinctly short-handed. The soldiers wanted American women everywhere. Just as long as an American woman stood behind the canteen, the boys stood in file to buy. Because, to their eyes, the place then looked homely and friendly. Put a male secretary beside her, and it scarcely hastened the service; they would rather stand and wait, in order to have a word with the woman, at the end. Even if she was old and ugly, they still preferred her to the average man. She reminded them, then, of their grandmother or their aunt.

"By Jove! She looks exactly like old cousin Jane. Bless her heart; she used to bring me hot gingerbread on the sly when I got put to bed without any supper. There wasn't anything that old soul wouldn't do for me, little monkey that I was—Here! Wait for me, fellows, I've got to get in line and hear her voice."

But the work was girls' work in the main. The wet canteen alone, for example, open from early morning till nearly midnight, required a staff of eighteen, working in shifts, and working as fast as hands could fly. Relieved from the canteen, the girl did not rest, but would then go out and do her shift as a "floater," moving through the building looking for shy and lonely boys to cheer up, acting as hostess wherever she could see that such a touch was needed, doing the little kindly things that made the place a home. Next might come her shift at dancing. Then back at the canteen again to stand on her feet for hours, working mind and body fast and hard.

Now and again some officer would come back from a leave at Nice growling about "swarms" of idle Y girls dancing there. If he had seen girls idly dancing there, they were certainly not of the Y staff, to whom dancing was a very serious part of their days' business. The boys came to the leave areas filled with a sort of passion for things not rough, harsh, hard—not of their soldier life. They wanted to dance—to dance with women. If the Y women, their own American women, would dance with them, that made them perfectly happy and content; they wanted no others—would look at no others. But if the Y women would not then others there were, more than plenty, who would jump at the chance. And concerning such, beyond any manner of doubt, rather than loiter with them it was safer and cleaner business to go over the top.

But wherever our soldiers were, there flocked the "wild women," ready and unafraid. Not the Y casinoes only, but also the common cabarets of the town, possessed dance-halls with good floors and good music. And when the boy at last discovered that he was no match for professionals in the ancient trade, the knowledge, too frequently, came too late.

Which was why the Y girls, although they might be ready to drop with weariness after a tremendous day's work, made it a matter of religion never to admit fatigue while yet one hob-nailed, trench-booted doughboy had a flicker of fancy to dance left in him, and why the Nice Y danced at topmost speed all Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Once upon a time they decided to stop Sunday dancing. That Sunday, just before the usual dancing hour, Mr. F. E. Lovell, a Y man of the staff, entering the casino foyer, chanced to hear the latter part of a conversation among a considerable group of newly arrived soldiers.

"Well, what'll we do now?" asked one.

"Oh, stay where we are, of course. Dancing'll begin in twenty minutes," several others replied in a breath.

"Dancing—nothing! Haven't you heard? They've cut out Sunday dancing."

Silence. Then a dry, cynical voice.

"Right-o! It's their privilege. And we've got ours. Come on. Let's go out and look 'em over!"

The last speaker led the way from the Casino. All the crowd trooped after. The fate of that lot was practically sealed.

The Y man, running up the steps three at a time, dashed for Carver's office and told what he had heard.

"Start dancing *at once*," responded Carver, regional head.

Sunday dancing at Nice never thereafter faltered.

Without any doubt numbers of well-meaning persons could be found, even in the overseas Y, whose comment would be that the boys in that foyer crowd were weak and silly, and that in any case nothing as sacred as religious sentiment—"principle"—should be violated on any pretext at all.

But one of the happy marvels of the war was the rapidity with which men's vision, if of any elasticity whatever, widened and sweetened under the pressure of real human need. No body of men should be judged by the smallest characters in it. And those who really stood for the overseas Y knew that their job, whatever happened, was to serve the boys, not to discipline them; to keep them happy and well and safe, to tide them over their troubles and dangers, and to send them home to their own people clean and unashamed. Also, that any "religious sentiment" that got in the way of such an end, even in one single case, belied the name; that any "principle" so acting was, quite simply, a grim and cruel sham.

"It would be better," said Carter, Chief of all the Overseas Y, when he heard of the vigorous Sunday dancing at Nice, "'it would be better if the men could have been held as they hold them at Coblentz of a Sunday night, by an equally popular religious service. It would really be more like home. But if that can't be done, then *by all means dance. Hold the men!*"

The girls helped hold the men, with their never-flagging gayety and friendliness, with their gentle manners and their careful maintenance of the American ideal. The doughboy who would respond to a French woman of the street when he knew that he could go to the Y and meet a clean, sweet, friendly American girl was so rare as scarcely to count.

The whole spirit of the Riviera Y was both millennial and dynamic. And between the glow of that spirit and the killing pace of the work most of the few "lemons" in Y uniform that ever strayed that way either ripened betime into sweeter fruit or quickly dropped off the bough and rolled out of sight. As a British observer wrote: "This Leave Area means first and last and all the time *Hard Work*. . . . Yet everybody comes up smiling and keeps on smiling."

The Colonel's lady "kept on smiling" in a way nothing short of miraculous. By half after eight in the morning, unless something called her earlier, she was already well into her work. Not one moment during the day was her mind off the *qui vive;* for every boy of the host that passed before her had her positive, personal interest. She never lunched or dined alone, but usually invited a boy or two to take the meal with her in her own hotel. It was one of the means that she seized, to her own intense satisfaction, to prove to the lads, by a silent object-lesson, that her friendship for them was her pleasure, to be particularly indulged in off-duty hours.

And those who saw her in the brilliant dining-room of one of the two best hotels in Nice vis-à-vis with a "common" doughboy whose rough uniform yet showed all the blisters of the delousing machine, knew that two happy people dined well that day.

All day long she kept up the pace. Yet she was no Amazon of phyeical

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strength, but just a high-strung, keenly sensitized "society woman," constantly making enormous drafts on her own reserves of nervous energy, constantly feeding others' spirits and courage out of her own stock. Heavens! How tired she must have been had she stopped to think of herself! Yet at midnight she was still at the Casino, mingling with the crowd, welcoming newcomers with smiles as fresh, with thought as quick and true, with little speeches as cordial, as if the day had just begun.

And when, as was forever happening, a boy clutched her arm and drew her out of the midnight crowd with an imperative "Mrs. Anderson, please; I *must* have a word with you," she still brought the best of her sound judgment and warm sympathy and all her understanding and *savoir faire* of an experienced woman of the world to his service.

If she sat up all night with a sick boy, even that did not dull her morning gayety. If she lent money and did not get it back, still less did that disturb her. At the next opportunity she lent again with unabated cheer and alacrity.

"What are these men doing for us? Dying for us!" she would say to those who reproved her loose purse-strings. "Even if I should mistake my man nine times out of ten, the tenth is more than worth it."

Her reward went far beyond the return of the money. As she sat one day at breakfast, a Paris "Herald" paragraph caught her attention with the story of a sergeant of infantry who, all officers being killed, had taken command of his company and led it in brilliant action.

"Why, that's my friend who sent me back my hundred francs just before the drive began," she exclaimed, as she saw the name.

Then her mail came in, and in it a bulky parcel addressed in an unknown hand. She opened it. Out rolled a lot of Boche buttons, an iron cross, and the spurs, belt, and rank insignia of a German captain.

"Dear Madam," ran the note inclosed, "when we said good-by, I asked you if there was anything I could do for you. You said, 'Yes; get me a German.' Here is all I can mail of him. I'm in hospital myself."

The hospital was near Paris. Having herself to go to Paris shortly thereafter, of course she made time to run out to see her friend. That visit finished, she happened, walking through the wards, rather particularly to notice the good face and cheerful smile of a patient, badly wounded, who lay watching her approach. Immediately she stopped to speak to him, and he, led on by her interest, admitted his lack of certain little comforts. These she found means to send to him before her own departure, next day, to her job.

All that night she traveled, sitting up, as one usually did, in a stuffy railway compartment whose every seat was occupied. Next morning, arrived at her own place, she got her bath, breakfasted, and then hurried over to the Casino. Entering the lobby, the first thing that caught her notice was a group of Twenty-eighth Division men—nine of them, a sergeant, a corporal, and seven privates—evidently in sore distress.

In a moment she had their story. The last time they had gone over the top their captain had been wounded—Captain Stackpole, of the infantry, the finest officer, the very finest, that any company ever had; a *man*. They had brought him in in their arms—carried him back to the *triage*. The doctors had said he was very bad. After that they lost him—had never been able to hear of him again. They had tried by every means in their power—every last one. No use. Yet they *wouldn't* give up. He *couldn't* be dead. But now—

The man who was talking choked and turned away.

"You can look at this, if you want to," growled another, in a toneless voice, and thrust a clipping into her hand.

For an instant she shut her eyes, scarcely daring, then gave it one glance. A headline about the death in battle of a promising officer—a woodcut of a man's face. With tight-clasped hands she faced the crowd, breathing hard.

"The sergeant here just had it sent him," one of them managed to say. "You see—it—it's a month old—and we never knew—till now."

But she scarcely heard.

"Boys," she cried. "Oh, boys, but *listen* to me! He *isn't* dead! Your captain *isn't* dead, I tell you! Only day before yesterday I saw him and talked to him and got him some chocolate. He's in the hospital. He's getting well—and—and—"

And then in that crowded lobby respectfully amazed spectators stopped transfixed while a sergeant, a corporal, nine first-class privates of the Twenty-eighth Division, and one American lady, standing speechless in a circle, gazed raptly into each other's faces, the unstayed tears streaming down the cheeks of every single one.

"Like ten precious idiots!" exclaimed the mother of the A. E. F., once she recovered a bit. "Come on, boys. Let's hurry and wire him your love. It'll do him all the good in the world. Just to see your names. *I* know!"

It was while yet at Aix that Mrs. Anderson one morning lifted her eyes to behold a most glorious sight—a detachment of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, which regiment her late husband had commanded, trooping into the hall. Hard, old regulars they were, immovable of face, slow and dry of speech, and she loved them on the spot.

Well she knew the type. Well, too, she knew the aching fatigue in their bones—in their souls—the weariness of the trenches, weariness of battle, weariness of the journey just passed through. Naturally it had weighed their spirits low. And now their depression plainly showed. But a long night's rest, she thought, and another easy day would make of them new men. Passing time, however, brought no rift in the cloud. Darkness still clung to them. Unhappily, undoubtedly, this leave of theirs was a failure, whatever the cause.

Finally, in her solicitude, she found the reason why. They were broke—all of them. Dead, dead broke. Coming down on the train they had played poker with the Eighteenth, and the Eighteenth had cleaned them out.

"*Indeed!*" exclaimed the Colonel's lady, at once in arms for her own. "Well, we're not going to stand for *that!*" and forthwith proceeded to arrange that each man should have, out of her own purse, as much money as he could properly want for the rest of his trip. The total made a very considerable sum, but the mother of the A. E. F. never counted by cash while yet a soldier needed it and she had cash to count.

Not without an honest struggle, not without much real embarrassment, did the men take it from her. But what suddenly crushed their resistance in the end was the last plea she made:

"Boys, *don't* refuse me. Remember, the Colonel is gone. I have no son. *It's all I have to give.* Now don't let it worry you. You can pay it back some day—*not* your first pay-day, mind, because that money you'll need. And when you do, why, then, there'll just be more boys I can help with it, that's all."

Next day the Sixteenth appeared to her again, but transfigured, its face irradiating smiles.

"We've come to pay up," it said, and began the process on the spot.

"Why—but—how—" stammered its friend, utterly nonplused.

"Aw—it was easy," at last one explained. "We just got busy and cleaned out the Eighteenth."

And then they set forth that, in token of affection, they were going to buy her a gift. What would she like?

But they mustn't, she protested.

But they were going to, they replied. And therefore they wished to be sure of pleasing her taste. She saw she must yield.

"I think it would be lovely," she said, "if you brought me a bunch of fresh flowers for my desk each day that you are here."

She knew, but they didn't, that flowers were cheap at Aix.

Thence on, each morning saw the approach of a deputation solemnly bearing an enormous and splendid bouquet. And each remaining day saw the whole detachment joyfully employed in as many pleasures as the hours could hold. Yet no man in it could have been happier than was the woman who lavished on them, one and all, her most devoted care.

Well that it came when it did—that little interval of friendship in hard and stormy lives. As it was the first, so was it the last, leave that those men knew in France. Before the dawn of armistice day every one of them was gone—had laid down his life in battle for the flag.

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CLINGSTONES

A WEEK IN A CALIFORNIA CANNERY

BY KATHARINE WENDELL PEDERSEN

This narrative of personal experience in cannery work has value in relation to the study of the industrial question which The Outlook is undertaking to treat this year among the eight important problems of the day.—THE EDITORS.

I MET Selma in the cannery to which I had been sent to investigate conditions. It was one of the few canneries in California which are on a sort of "black list," and therefore must not be regarded as typical.

An advertisement appeared one Sunday in the San Francisco "Chronicle" which read:

AAAAA
WANTED—Cannery Workers
$3.00 a Day Guaranteed
Eight Hour Day
Tents on Cannery Camp Ground
Apply U. S. Dep't of Labor

I applied on Monday morning at the office of the Department of Labor in the Claus Spreckels Building, and took an afternoon train for the little town in the valley.

"Hello! You a blonde, honey?" I looked up from my camp cot and saw outlined against the moonlight a striking silhouette.

"God! I got an awful cold. My neck's so sore! I'm French. My name used to be de Grodey. What's your first name, honey? Mine's Selma. D'ja just come down from Frisco?" Most of this in one breath, while she opened up a big straw suit-case. Boxes of powder, a bottle of bandoline, white shoe polish, and some soiled lace, I could just make out in the dim light.

"Say! Ain't you got no candles? Was you ever married, dearie? I never worked before; did you? They say the cannery's a fierce place to work in, too—awful insanitary." She did have a bad cold.

"Want some gum? Oh, that's all right, I got plenty." She began to sing, "Oh, I wish I had my Daddy right here!" but interrupted herself with, "You see, we was married last January, and I always called him 'Daddy.' Here's his pitture. Ain't he cute? Say, I bet you want to go to sleep. No? Then what'n the devil d'jou go to bed so early for? Ain't there even a pitture show in this burg? Gee, you brought sheets an' all, didn' cha? God! My back aches!"

The next morning at seven-thirty we reported at the office of a canning company, were given a number, four knives, and sent in to work. I wandered around in puddles on the cement floor, looking for some one to tell me where to go. After a few minutes the forelady came up to me.

"D'you mind a draught?" She led me to the long working bench. A draught there was, and water mixed with pear peelings and peach pits underfoot.

"Gee! We don't get rich to-day! Clingstones! We had pears yesterday, and they're some different!" This from a fat girl of about twenty, next to me, as she slipped a large oilcloth apron over her head.

Machinery buzzed. The canning was done in the other part of the same room. In our part of the room there were two long work-benches, each having about thirty women working at them. In an aisle between, three or four forlorn-looking old men were carrying peaches in pails of water up and down, stopping now and then to empty them into something else which I could not see. A great splash accompanied this operation. Some one shouted in a raucous voice, "Box!" Some one else, "Hey, there! get a move on, ole man!" "Fruit!" This was the way to get a fresh box of fruit to work on when one had been finished.

I tried to get onto the job. Finally the forelady came over to me and showed me how to "ring" the peach with one knife, and how to get out the pit with another.

"Now work quick, honey," she said. "You'll soon git the hang of it, and you git twenty cents a box." I looked at the size of the box of peaches beside me.

"Twenty cents a box?" I asked. The forelady turned away from me.

"Shut up, there, Mary, or I'll give you your time," she shouted at a dried-up little old woman with snow-white hair and a sharp nose who was over at the other table.

"Shut up yourself!" mumbled Mary.

The fat girl next to me called to one of the old men in the aisle, "Oh, Mr. Pie-man, won't you empty my pie?" He came over to her and cleared out her box of mashed pieces, known as "pie."

"She's got a grand name for me, ain't she?" he addressed to me, with a wink and a kindly smile.

Machinery scraped away in the other part of the room, water seemed splashing all around me, and the draughts were getting worse. There was very little light in the place, which had not been built for a cannery and was about six feet below the surface of the ground.

"Ask that man for a board to stand on, dearie," said the fat girl to me. "This floor's somethin' fierce." But when I looked around the man had already passed.

"Aw, yell at him," she added. I yelled at him, and after a while got the board.

I began to get onto the job, too, and the knife did not slip through the peach to my hand quite so often. But before long the forelady came around my way.

"Look here, now," she said to me, as she felt around in my several pails and drew forth two or three halves, "all them are 'C's.' What cha got 'em in 'B' for? Look out what cha do, now, girlie." As she turned away she called to a girl down at the other end, "Here, you quit eatin' fruit, there, Angie! I seen you. Next time you're fired."

Selma was nowhere in sight. She was probably working in the other part of the room, beyond the canning machinery, where I could see some work-benches.

At noon I went into the washroom to wash my hands. No towels. "Never is none," said some one, good-naturedly.

"Hello, honey! How many boxes?" and there was my tent-mate, husky-voiced, chewing gum, and smiling at me. She was pretty, there was no denying it, but very pale except for the two unskillful dabs of rouge. She had done her hair in the morning in two large bunches over her ears—it was jet black—and drawn it tightly back in front.

"Say, ain't this awful, Katie? Come on and eat with me."

We went to the "New Luxembourg," near by, and ate. The Chinaman brought us ham and eggs, ten cents, according to the dirty card, and coffee, five cents.

"Don't cha get nothin' else?" Selma asked him; "no potatoes nor nothin'? Gee! this ain't no meal!"

The afternoon's work was over. Although I had doubled my morning's record, the check-lady had punched but six holes altogether in the card she had pinned to my shoulder. If twenty cents a box was the pay, then I had earned one dollar and twenty cents. I had heard mutterings during the afternoon about the pay.

"Who said you get three dollars a day for eight hours?" asked some one who had been there two weeks. "Aw, go wan! no such thing!"

"You ain't up to average," the forelady told me, not unkindly. Then we surged out, some staying on to earn a little more. Ahead of me a girl here and there grabbed a handful of peaches as she went, with a furtive look at the forelady.

I did not see Selma on the way home. The tent was empty, so I went out, found two large tin cans, filled them with water from a pipe which was sticking up from the center of the roadway leading into the camp-ground, and took them into the tent for a sketchy bath.

The camping place was a block from the public square of the little town. Because of the urgent need for cannery workers, the company had sent for fifty tents and had huddled them together on

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a vacant lot. Whole families had come from the city on the day I had arrived, in answer to the same advertisement. Next to our tent, a woman of about fifty, her face and hands deep-seamed, brown, and unwashed-looking, slept in a single cot with a ten-year-old girl. The other cot in the tiny tent was occupied by "Tommie," a man of thirty or so.

"No, he's just a friend of ours," the woman explained to me, when I asked something about her "son." The camp swarmed with babies, dirty and unkempt, who were left in charge of children with babyhood barely passed, while mothers and aunts and sisters and brothers worked all day in the cannery.

Where was Selma? Six o'clock came. I was standing in the tent with very little clothing on, doing my hair, when I heard, just outside the tent, "Hello, dearie, you here?" and Selma burst into the tent, followed by a man.

"Meet Mr. Cole," she said. We met. I suggested that he wait outside the tent. "He's my uncle, come down to work in the cannery." He was a gay and flashily dressed man of thirty or so. Outside he found a box, placed it on end right in the doorway, and sat down.

"Say, you got a pair o' eyes yourself, Katie! Come on down and have some grub with us." He lighted a cigarette. "Honest to God, this is a fierce place for feed, ain't it?"

"You said it!" I answered; "but I ain't hungry, thanks, just the same."

Selma was half undressed by this time, and after rummaging around in feverish haste among the articles in her suit-case, she put on a white skirt and a bright-yellow sweater—no blouse, and the sweater was very tight.

"Gee, but it's hot in this tent! Got a safety-pin, dearie? Thanks. Say, you're some kid!" She poured some bandoline upon her hair, added some rouge to her cheeks, and she was ready. Mr. Cole gazed at her in spellbound admiration.

"Well, s'long, Kate!" he flung back at me over his shoulder as he grabbed the arm of the yellow sweater and led the girl away. I started soon after in the other direction to find a place to eat.

The next day I was conscious of more discontent at the cannery.

"Eight hours nothin'! Swell chance of gettin' that three dollars!"

"Say, where d'jou apply? Department of Labor?"

"Yes, and they thought it was all O.K. Somethin's queer."

Selma was working nearer to me today. She coughed a lot.

"Where's your uncle?" I called across, when the forelady was out of earshot.

"Oh, he's got a swell job. He's one of the bosses over in the canning place. Some draught, ain't it, dearie?"

That afternoon I worked an extra hour, and when I got back to the tent Selma was coming out with her suit-case. She looked really ill.

"Gona leave you, honey. My uncle's stayin' at a swell place downtown, and he got me a room there, too." I tried to keep her a minute, asked where the place was, etc., but she seemed in a hurry and rushed off. Inside, on the overturned box which we used for a dressing-table, there was a litter of trash—some hair, a dirty powder-puff, an empty candy box, and a crumpled envelope. I smoothed this out and read: "Mrs. Tom Cole, General Delivery, Oakland, Calif." Who was this man, and what could I do?

In the middle of the next morning a little man in shirtsleeves, with a straw hat on the back of his head, appeared in the doorway, and every one stopped talking. It was the boss. Somehow, a pretty little Armenian child had slipped in between me and the woman next to me, and was "ringing" peaches at an astonishing rate of speed. She looked up, saw the boss, and disappeared under the bench. After he had passed she reappeared. She and her mother kept looking around. After an hour or so he caught her.

"Look here, now, I told you twice your kid can't work here. She's gotta get a permit. I gotta protect myself." He turned to the youngster.

"Now you go home, d'you hear? You gotta get a permit, I tell you."

The child went out. I asked the mother how many boxes she could cut without the child's help.

"About fifteen," she said, "workin' nine hours. I get three dollars some days, but that ain't so much when you got three kids."

A week passed. The new workers had speeded up, and by working early and late could do quite well. But at the end of that time I went in and asked to see the boss. He was sucking a cigar in a little room marked "Private." I asked him about the advertisement in the paper. He turned around quickly.

"Oh, that was a mistake. I'm sorry it happened. The ad wasn't worded right. It wasn't my fault. On Monday I wrote to the Department of Labor and told them to change it. You see, we got so much fruit on hand, we gotta work mor'n eight hours."

"Yes, that's all right; but what about—" I tried to go on, but he got up and smiled.

"I'll refund your fare, if you ain't satisfied. Come back in an hour and I'll give you a check." Of course he wanted me out of the way.

"A great old place, I guess, that cannery, isn't it?" said the cashier of the bank where I cashed my check. "He's a slippery one, all right. I saw that ad in the paper and smiled when I read it."

I wanted to see Selma before I left. She had not been at work for three days, and all of my efforts to find the place where she was staying had been unsuccessful. Her "uncle" had not been at work for the same length of time. There was something about her I liked, and perhaps I could help her just a little. But where was she?

As I was crawling into my cot that night I heard outside, "Say, can you come downtown?" It was Mr. Cole's voice. "Selma's sick. She sent me to find you. I can't find a doctor. God, but she's sick!" I flung on some clothes and joined him outside. He led me down past the center of the town and around two or three corners. Up a flight of stairs, and there was the girl, sitting on the edge of an untidy bed. The yellow sweater was on the floor. She had on an underskirt and a pink satin camisole.

"I can't breathe!" she gasped. "Why the devil can't he get a doctor? He's a fool, anyway." She fell back.

"Are you her uncle or her husband?" I asked him.

"I ain't either one. She's a bird, she is. She married my brother, an' he left her."

"We must try to get some one," I broke in, and started for the door. "You stay with her." But just then a woman appeared in the doorway. She was large and very cross-looking.

"The doctor's wife sent me," she said. "I'm a nurse. What's up?" and she went over to the bed. Selma sat up, struggling for breath, and fell back again.

"She's dead," said the big woman.

Mr. Cole disappeared.

After a while I went out into the night, and he appeared at my side. We walked along in silence across the tiny public square, and past the entrance to the "movies," where vivid billboards announced "Charlie Chaplin." From within, as we passed, came a bit of "I Am Always Blowing Bubbles." Suddenly I realized that the man was speaking. His voice was rather low.

"Y' see, I thought I was engaged to her, but she married my brother. I was crazy over her ever since I seen her at that dance in Oakland. She wasn't no good, I knew that, but I ain't much good either, and, honest to God, I thought I could be good to her. When Tom left her she didn't have no money nor nothin', and so when she come up here I followed her. And now she's dead, damn her!" His voice broke.

I loathed him and pitied him and loved him, as I loathed and pitied and loved so many of those others around me. Where were they all going?

I did not see Mr. Cole again after he left me that night.

The next afternoon, as the train raced toward the city, I began the official report of my investigation for a certain welfare society, but after a few paragraphs were finished I turned to another part of my note-book, and at the top of a fresh page I wrote "Clingstones," and under that "Selma Cole." Then I sat for a long, long time and wrote nothing at all.

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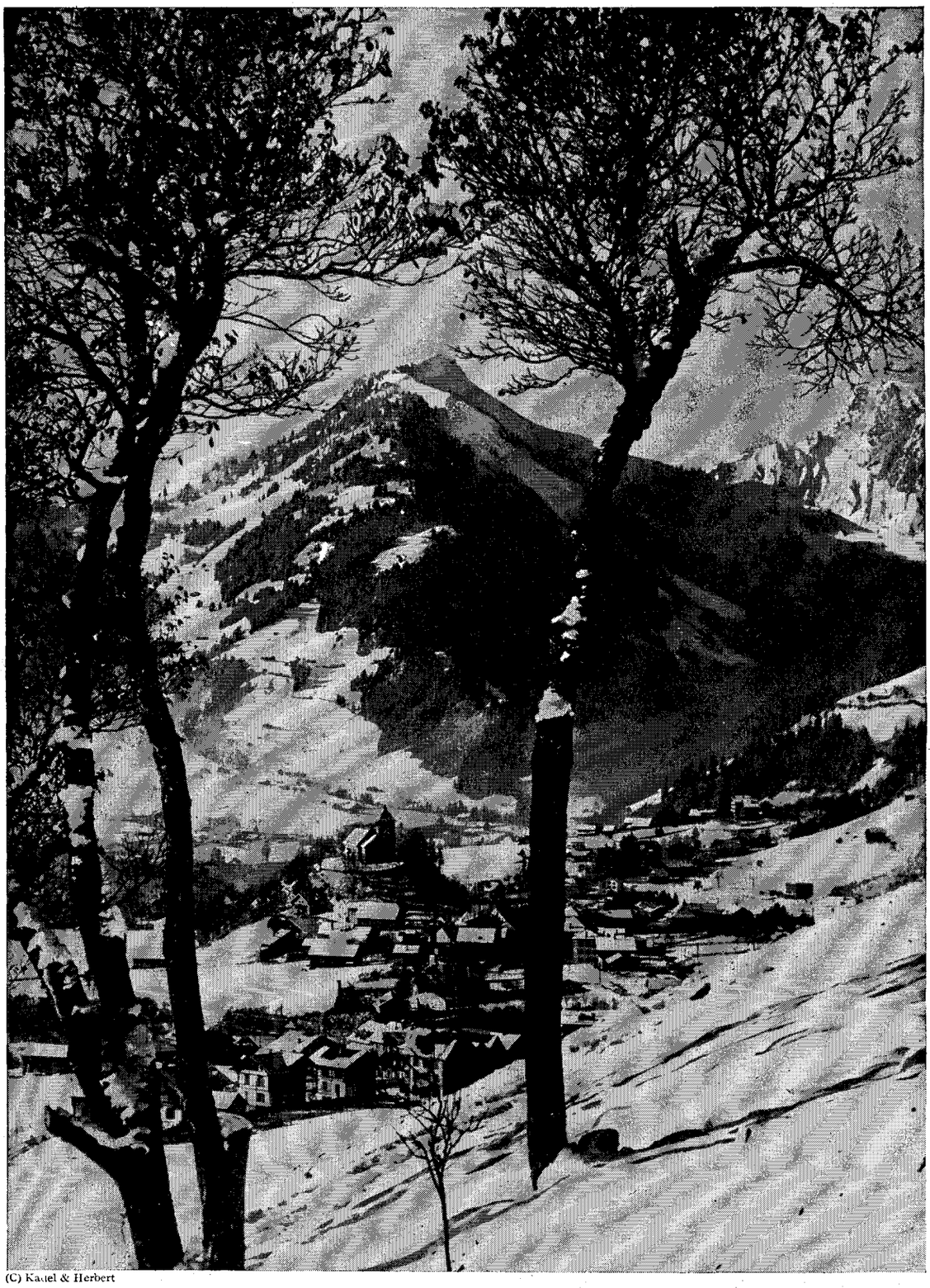
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



(C) Kadel & Herbert

A WINTER SCENE IN "THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE"—THE SWISS VILLAGE OF CHÂTEAU D'OEX, ON THE MONTREUX-BERNESE OBERLAND RAILWAY

Switzerland, whose prosperity largely depends on its popularity as a pleasure-ground for both summer and winter visitors from all parts of the world, is said to be again experiencing a great influx of amusement seekers who are trying to forget the war. The above picture shows one of the charming views on the scenic railway route from Spiez, on the Lake of Thun, to Montreux, on Lake Geneva. Of this fortunately situated village it is said: "During the summer a cool breeze tempers the heat of the sun in the middle of the day. This breeze ceases in autumn, and the winter days are bright, with much sunshine and no wind"

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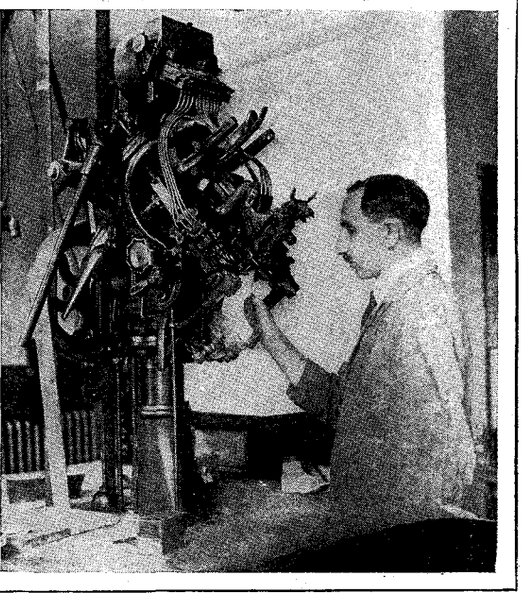
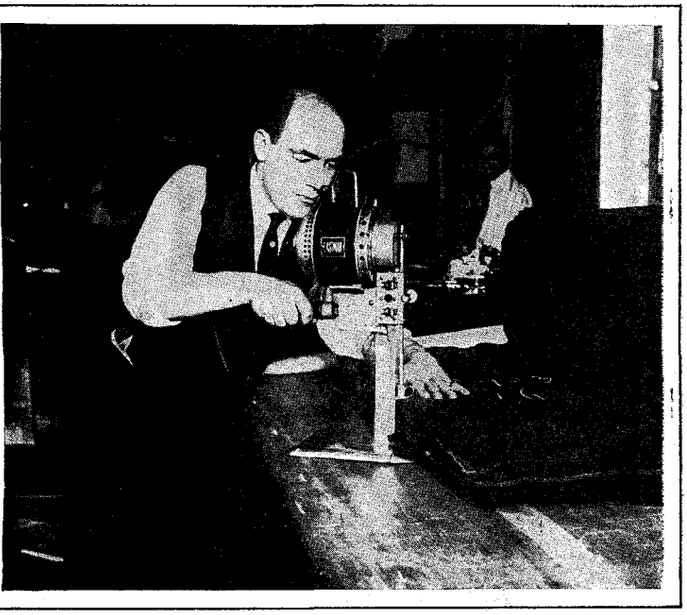
THE COBBLER TURNING OUT ONE PAIR OF SHOES A DAY

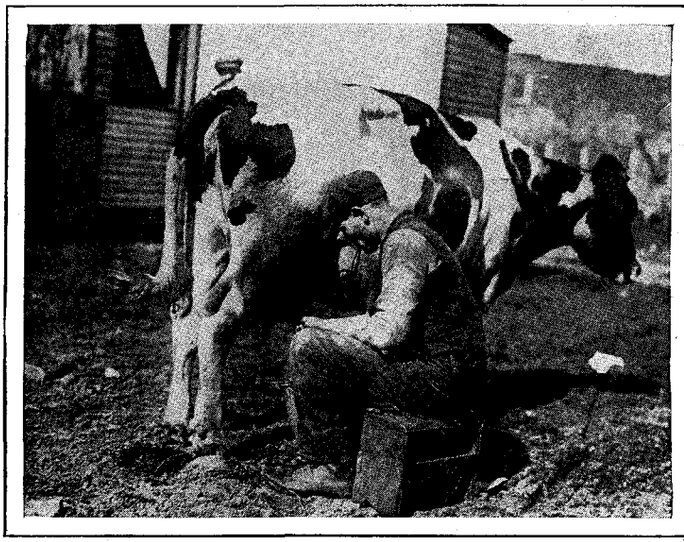


1,200 SHOES A DAY PASS THROUGH THIS MACHINE

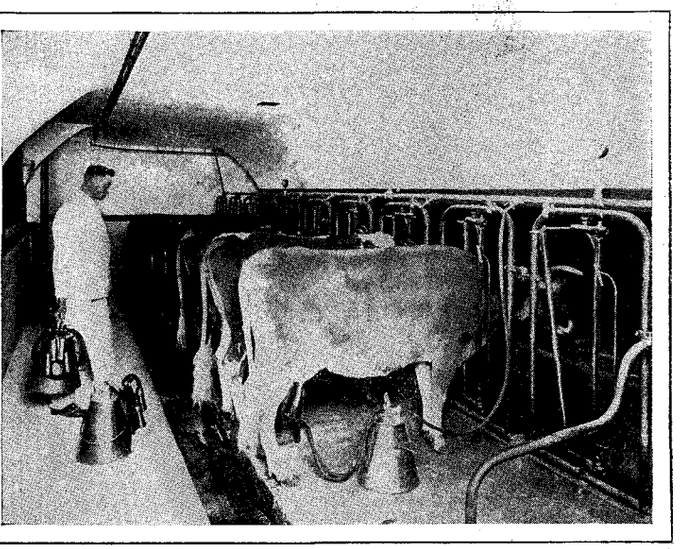
CUTTING CLOTHING BY THE OLD METHOD



AN ELECTRIC CUTTER THAT CUTS FIFTY LAYERS OF CLOTH



THE OLD METHOD OF MILKING—SOMETIMES UNSANITARY



MILKING BY MACHINERY IN A MODERN DAIRY

Photographs (C) Keystone View Co.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW—USING MACHINERY IN PLACE OF HAND WORK

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(C) Underwood & Underwood

AMERICA HELPS TO REFOREST GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND BELGIUM

The picture shows some of the 36,000,000 seeds that are being sent by the American Forestry Association to Europe. The exhibition took place on Boston Common, where appropriate ceremonies were held, attended by the British, French, and Belgian Consuls. Mr. Charles Lathrop Pack, President of the Association, is at the right, with flag in hand

(C) Underwood & Underwood

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY UNDERGRADUATES HELPING ON A "DRIVE" FOR AN ENDOWMENT FUND

The students seen above are apparently most anxious to push that part (amounting to $2,000,000) of the Endowment Fund which is to be used to increase the salaries of the professors at the University. A total of $6,450,000 is aimed at as a fund for the University, which has enrolled this year in its nine colleges 9,804 students

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COMMUNITY CIVICS

A PRACTICAL EDUCATIONAL COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

XII—THE PUBLIC REGULATION OF WORK[1]

BY AUGUSTUS S. BEATMAN

OF THE JULIA RICHMAN HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

INTRODUCTION

Law and labor have been related as long as government has had a part in the affairs of men. It has always been a problem to discover just how far the government should go in attempting to regulate matters which concern employer and employee.

In the middle of the eighteenth century labor was a commodity to be bought and sold like cloth or any other merchandise, and the lot of the worker was well-nigh intolerable.

When power-driven machinery appeared, the field of industry began to broaden. The increasing demand for cheap labor to run the machines was the cause of changing conditions, and women and children were brought into industry in great numbers.

Unfortunately, industry in its mad rush for increased production did not give attention to the conditions under which work was accomplished. Women were overworked, accidents were frequent, children were exploited.

The pendulum is now swinging in the other direction. We are awake to the fact that wholesome surroundings and living conditions for workers are National assets; that worn women and stunted children do not fit in with our ideals of democracy. Unscrupulous employers are no longer able to avoid responsibility for accidents in industry by means of the "fellow-servant," "contributory negligence," and "assumption of risk" defenses.

The degrading labor statutes of the eighteenth century have gradually but steadily been broken down. Present-day labor laws are yet imperfect and incomplete; but the pendulum is still swinging in the right direction. We are justly proud, and have no fear that it will swing too far.

FRANK A. REXFORD.

MANY of you know families similar to a Russian family that came to New York City about five years ago. The father, an undersized man with a bent frame, is an unskilled workman who for several years has peddled iron-holders. In winter he earns from two to three dollars a week; in summer, about seven dollars a week. The mother has worked as a cook in a restaurant until recently. The development of eczema on her hands compelled her to give up the position. Jacob, a son of eighteen, earns from six to seven dollars a week selling newspapers. He smokes incessantly, gambles, and has been arrested for thefts from drunken men near saloons. Earlier he was a messenger boy whose night work took him into many immoral places. The eldest daughter, Rachel, sixteen years old, works in a shirt factory for five dollars a week. She is never strong, works only irregularly, and is often actually ill. Bella, a girl of thirteen, has just recovered from an injured hand, the first joint of her finger having been cut off by a machine in a paper-box factory in which she was illegally employed. All of them, beginning work at a very early age, illustrate various effects of child labor.

The father never had a chance to attain the full growth of manhood. Heavy work in youth had permanently stooped his shoulders to the detriment of his lungs. He represents only one of many physical ill effects of child labor. Formerly children worked excessively long hours. The continued drain lowered their ability to resist disease. The ease with which they contracted infectious and contagious disease made them centers of danger to the community. Children like Bella are much more susceptible to accident from dangerous machinery than are adults. They are not only more careless than adults, but they have poorer muscular control. Jacob escaped physical harm, but "out of two hundred newsboys examined in New York City, three-fourths had one disease or more, one-half had chronic indigestion, and many were stunted in growth. Lung trouble, fatigue, and nervous troubles are very common among newsboys."

The moral dangers to which Jacob succumbed came from the surroundings of his work. Work itself, however, seems to involve peril to young children. Reports on "juvenile delinquency" assert that "the working children contribute four times their share to the ranks of juvenile delinquency," and "the fact of being at work seems to constitute an abnormal situation which is in itself dangerous."

None of the members of this Russian family had a chance for an education. The result is seen in their earning capacity. None of them was able to enter a skilled occupation. The low wages to which they were accordingly condemned have had a cumulative effect upon the family. They could not have adequate food and clothes and housing conditions. Lack of nourishment, insufficient clothing, and crowded surroundings multiplied the weakness of the body, in the face of disease. Lack of education also shuts them out from being of service to the community in those parts of business life in which education is required. To give the great services of the chemists, the architects, the doctors, the engineers, a long training is required. The members of this Russian family have all become naturalized, and the women as well as Jacob and the father are to be voters. Some of them cannot read. Not one of them has enough education to comprehend American ideas, American ideals, and American institutions. They are unable to read the news about public affairs or to understand the discussions of public questions. Yet the success of our democracy depends upon the intelligence of the voters.

The lives of many such families have made it clear that the public health, the public morals, and the need of educated citizens demanded the prohibition of child labor. Accordingly one State after another has passed child labor laws, supplemented by compulsory education laws. In the provisions of the bill which New York State has passed for first-class cities the employment of children under fourteen is generally prohibited. On the other hand, children under sixteen, unless legally employed, must be in school. Even when fourteen a child may not be employed usually unless an employment certificate shows that he has been graduated from an elementary school or its equivalent. If the child has not been graduated at fifteen, he may go to work if he can

[1] This article was sent out by The Outlook in circular form to many teachers and schools during the period of interruption in regular publication of The Outlook because of the printers' strike in New York.—THE EDITORS.

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get the employment certificate showing that he has completed the first six years of elementary school or its equivalent and has attended school one hundred and thirty days in the preceding twelve months. The employment certificate will not be issued without proof of age, of the completion of the required schooling, and of physical fitness. Many dangerous occupations, such as operating the machine by which Bella lost her finger, are forbidden to children under sixteen. The children who have employment certificates must still be in school unless they are regularly employed. Special provisions are made to protect newsboys and children in theatrical work.

Although children are allowed to go to work when they have fulfilled certain conditions, their hours are carefully guarded. Night work is prohibited. Under sixteen in factories and mercantile establishments they cannot work over eight hours in any one day. In general, the limit of nine hours is set for girls over sixteen in factories and mercantile establishments and for boys between sixteen and eighteen in factories. All the children or young people are limited to working six days a week. One of the next steps proposed is to raise the age of employment to sixteen unless the child has been graduated from an elementary school.

Not all States, however, have set as high a standard as New York. Some cotton-manufacturing States of the South allow even eleven hours of work by children, and what laws they have are said to be poorly enforced. The Congress of the United States has therefore tried to remedy the situation by passing a National bill. A labor provision was added to the Revenue Law of February 24, 1919. Although its constitutionality has yet to be decided, its taxing provisions are generally in effect. It established "a tax of ten per cent on the net profits from the operation of (*a*) any mine or quarry situated in the United States in which children under the age of sixteen years have been employed or permitted to work during any portion of the taxable year, or (*b*) any mill, cannery, workshop, factory, or manufacturing establishment in the United States in which children under the age of fourteen years have been employed or permitted to work, or children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years have been employed or permitted to work more than eight hours in any day or more than six days any week, or after the hour of seven o'clock P.M., or before the hour of six o'clock A.M., during any portion of the taxable year."

With this wide attention to child labor and its evident benefits, you may wonder why children like Bella attempt to evade the law. Probably the chief reason is because she and her parents feel that the family needs the help of even her small wages. That feeling has increased with the pressure of high prices. What they do not see is that for every dollar now received they are giving away hundreds, even thousands, of dollars in the future. In a short time the difference between the wages of the trained and the untrained worker begins to appear, and it grows greater as time goes on. It is not only the difference of the weekly wage, but it is that difference multiplied by fifty for every year of the future working life which makes the contrast so marked. They should look at the truant officer and the factory inspector as protectors who keep them from robbing themselves.

Many employers are convinced that it does not pay to employ children. Children are more careless, more wasteful, than adults. They cause more accidents. They go from job to job more often, and it makes heavier on the employer the cost of training new help. Weakened children and the adults into whom they later develop have a lowered productive power. They do less work, and that means less product for the employer to sell. It means fewer things for all the rest of us to use. Child labor is "bad business" for the child, for the employer, and for all the rest of us. An added public benefit of child labor laws is increased production.

We will call two women of New York City by the names of Mrs. A and Mrs. B, but we hope that this fiction will not lessen your belief in the reality of their experiences, which are vouched for by the State Industrial Commission. Mrs. A, a widow with three children of school age, worked twelve hours a day selling tickets for one of the transportation companies. Coming home, she worked until late at night, washing, ironing, and doing the thousand endless household tasks of the mothers of young children. For five days a week after school and all day on Saturday and Sunday—for the mother worked seven days a week—the children played and wandered as they pleased. They were without supervision or the moral training which we usually associate with a mother and a home. The neighbors complained of the actions of the children. The mother, tired and nervous from overwork and worried over the children, was cross and irritable in the little time she did see them. The children had no sympathetic comprehension. One of them became a truant from school. All kinds of food, from candy and pickles to cold things from the delicatessen store, eaten during all hours, gave the children indigestion. Unable to stand the accumulated strain, the mother's health finally broke down. Mrs. B, on the other hand, worked at night. Being on a ten-hour shift, she was able to get breakfast for her husband and children after she herself returned from her "job" and also to get their supper before she went away in the evening. She did the other necessary housework during the day. Like Mrs. A, she carried her burden for seven days a week. Although she had more family life than Mrs. A, she had far less than is best.

Jacob, of the Russian family that has been cited, illustrates some moral dangers that night work has for children. The moral dangers to women are greater in night occupations than in day occupations. Mrs. B shows the effect of night work upon family life. Both suffered the physical results of not having sleep at night—the time of its maximum restorative value. Mrs. B shows why women tend to cut down the time of even the inferior day sleep. Night work, with its artificial lights, produces greater eyestrain. Night workers do not enjoy the benefits of sunlight, which destroys disease germs and stimulates the resistance of the body to disease. In a celebrated brief on this question of night work prepared by Louis D. Brandeis and Josephine Goldmark it is asserted that "the testimony of manufacturing countries tends to prove that the output of night work is inferior to day work. Quality and quantity both degenerate." Based on these considerations, New York has the prohibition of night work by women in many occupations in addition to those prohibitions of night work by children which I indicated. For instance, women are forbidden to work at night in restaurants. "About a dozen American States have forbidden night work for women in certain occupations, but only a few have extended the prohibition to any large group of employments."

The experience of Mrs. A shows the results of long hours upon women, especially when they are also mothers. The evils of excessive hours of work come from fatigue. The tissues of the body, broken down by the strain, form poisons in the system. This deadens the action of the muscles, and the amount produced begins to decrease. If this is continued over a long period, especially where people work seven days a week, the accumulated effects of the poisons result in illness. Sometimes the disease is one contracted because the body, weakened by the poisons, loses its power to fight the invading germs. Here, again, the health of the future generation is most threatened by the work of women and children, and so we find that most laws on hours apply to them. All except six States have some kind of limitation of hours for women. New York's limit of nine hours a day is better than that of some States, but not as good as the California law of eight hours. An eight-hour law for women passed the Senate of the last New York State Legislature, but failed in the Assembly. At present only two of our States, Mississippi and Oregon, have laws restricting men's hours for general factory work.

It may be of interest to know that the investigation of such cases as that of Mrs. A gave the evidence to prove the need of protection of women in transportation service and resulted in an addition to the law, a part of which provides that "no female over twenty-one years shall be employed . . . in connection with the operation of any street, surface, electric, subway, or elevated railroad, or to sell or accept fares or admissions in any railroad station, car, or train of any street,

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surface, electric, subway, or elevated railroad more than six days or fifty-four hours in any one week, nor more than nine hours in any one day, nor before six o'clock in the morning nor after ten o'clock in the evening of any day."

The Oregon Ten-Hour Law, upheld by the United States Supreme Court, for the first time "recognized the power of a State to enact laws limiting the hours of service of adult males." The law, however, did not apply in all industries, but only to "any mill, factory, or manufacturing establishment." New York and Massachusetts now have effective laws that give one day of rest in seven to workers in stores and factories. Limitations on the working hours of men have also been applied in some dangerous occupations, such as mining and the most responsible railway positions in operating trains. Where the State itself is the employer, it can set its own standard. New York provides for eight hours for all work on Government contracts. During the war the eight-hour day was established in many important industries through awards of Government boards.

That reduction of excessive hours results in increased efficiency and output has been clearly shown during the war by studies of munition workers. The difference is strikingly demonstrated in the experience of Mr. Ford in his automobile works, where 16,000 male employees working ten hours a day produced 16,000 Ford cars, but a year later 15,800 male employees working eight hours a day produced 26,000 Ford cars.

Another respect in which the States have paid especial attention to women and children is by the establishment of a minimum wage. When women and children began to enter industry in large numbers, it was because the invention of machines had made possible a large number of tasks which could be performed as easily by women and children as by men. For these tasks they received a low wage. Other conditions have tended to keep women's wages lower than men's. Strength and tradition have kept women in comparatively few lines of work, and large numbers gave rise to the competition which kept wages low. Women, leaving industry after a few years to marry, have been unable to get the preparation and experience of the man in industry. When girls like Rachel, in the Russian family, are able to get only five dollars a week, the problem of living becomes acute. Many, like her, save on food and clothing until they become ill. Especially was this true when child labor, night work, and long hours were likewise sapping strength. Many rely on men "friends" to give them pleasures; others go without any recreation. And recreation is necessary to health.

Minimum-wage laws have been passed by twelve States and by Congress for the District of Columbia. The right of a State to pass such laws seems pretty thoroughly established, since recent decisions of State courts in Arkansas, Minnesota, Oregon, and Massachusetts have upheld the right and the Minimum-Wage Law of the State of Oregon has been upheld by the United States Supreme Court. In making awards during the war, it was one of the principles of the National War Labor Board that "(*a*) The right of workers, including common laborers, to a living wage is hereby declared; (*b*) In fixing wages minimum rates of pay shall be established which will insure a reasonable comfort." A bill establishing a minimum wage for women was introduced into the last Legislature of New York State and passed the Senate, but, unfortunately, failed in the Assembly. The National War Labor Board refused awards for the work of women when it was beyond their strength. In the January, 1919, number of the "Monthly Labor Review," page 216, may be found "a statement of the standards to govern the employment of women in industry," prepared by the Women in Industry Service of the Department of Labor and adopted by the War Labor Policies Board.

Many laws provide for the safety of the workers. The amount of legislation in regard to factories is voluminous. They concern the questions of ventilation, lighting, fire, protection, safety appliances, and sanitary conditions.

Laws for safeguarding the worker, however, enter many other places than the factory. Mercantile establishments, office buildings, and tenements are included. The railways used to demand a heavy toll from brakemen who had hands crushed when making couplings. Now the laws compel mechanical couplings and a hundred other safety devices. Laws safeguarding the miner are almost entirely under State control, the Federal Bureau of Mines having power only to suggest improvements. "To-day, when hundreds of thousands of operatives toil under one roof amid high-power and rapidly moving machinery, with shafting and belting whirring overhead, with the tremendous forces of steam and electricity straining at their leash," there is almost certainty of accident. It is for the interest of the employer, and the public that powerful machinery should be used because of its great productive power. To protect the worker many laws compel protection to be thrown around dangerous machinery. The worker, however, should not bear all the burden of unavoidable accident. He pays enough in the mere suffering endured. New York State has a Workman's Compensation Act which compels the employer to insure his employees against accident. The payments to the injured employee vary with the nature of the accident and his earning capacity. In general, it is the payment of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of the average weekly wage for a period of time varying with the seriousness of the injury. However, there is no payment for the first two weeks after the injury occurs, and there are maxima amounts stated, above which payments cannot be made. It takes but little imagination to picture the nature of the accident from the mere list of injuries in the law—the loss of finger, arm, leg, eye; death. All except ten States and the District of Columbia have passed some sort of workmen's compensation laws. With one exception, North Dakota, all those ten States are Southern States. Many kinds of workers are, however, exempt from the benefits of the laws, the most important being inter-State railway workers and inter-State maritime workers, farm-hands, and domestic servants. The burden of compensation on employers has tended to make them find ways of decreasing dangers—accidents have lessened.

A different class of dangers is illustrated in the case of a young printer of Brooklyn. He had never been ill before in his life. One Monday afternoon he was rushed home, suffering terribly. "So terrible were the young man's agony and contortions that the practitioner at first thought he had taken poison. His stomach was pumped, and the physicians decided it was lead. For three days, at home, the young printer suffered, crying aloud in his pain, his body doubled up, his appetite gone, and racked with spasmodic vomiting. . . . On Friday he died." Like many other printers, he had fallen a victim of lead poisoning. This was an extreme case of the results of an occupational disease. Other diseases arise from poisonous fumes and acids, or from germs, as is the case with anthrax. Anthrax is covered here by the Workmen's Compensation Law, but so many cases of occupational diseases are not covered that the only way to meet the difficulty seems to be by a health insurance law. Such a law, with several others we have mentioned, passed the New York Senate, but failed in the Assembly.

To save for sickness or old age is most difficult for workers with the lowest incomes. Yet it is important to all of us that they be encouraged to save. Otherwise they may become a public charge. Also the industry should help to bear the burden. No American State has yet passed a social insurance law, but England and other foreign states have. The English laws cover industrial accident, unemployment, health and invalidity and old age pensions. In some cases payment to a fund is made by employee, by employer, and by the state, from which payments are made to beneficiaries as the cases arise. California and Massachusetts led the way with investigating commissions which advocated the early establishment of such a system. Several other States are investigating the question.

If healthy people are idle, sickness, lowered production, even crime may follow as resources are exhausted. The problem of public attention to employment agencies is therefore increasing. Some cities and States have public employment bureaus. For a time during the war a Federal Employment Service was very promising, but has been allowed to lapse. The problem of unemployment, however, is much deeper than getting a

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man a job. It goes down into all the conditions which produce unemployment.

The States and the Federal Government have taken some action to try to settle industrial disputes peaceably, but the methods of attaining justice through governmental means have yet to be worked out. Mayors, governors, and presidents have offered their services to try to bring agreement before or during a strike, but with widely differing success. Some States have conciliation or arbitration boards, but compulsory arbitration has not been attempted. During the war the National War Labor Board heard disputes referred to it and by their settlement aided production. The whole question, however, presents one of the large problems to be solved.

In all these laws the fundamental legal ground for action is the protection of the public health and morals—the police power. In practically every case, however, increased production has been shown to be an added public benefit. We need to see that decreased production, whether willful or the result of night work, is not simply a loss to the worker and to the employee, but to the whole community.

The war made us all realize that if a farmer grew less wheat, not only did he have less wheat to sell, thus affecting himself and his family, but we all had less bread to eat. If the sons of beet-sugar growers in Colorado went to war and the fathers, from lack of help, could not produce as much sugar as usual, we all were allowed less sugar to eat. In hundreds of ways we came to realize that if any individual shirked in producing food or clothes or coal or transportation service, we all felt the pinch. The war, however, simply emphasized a truth that is ever present; the difference is only in degree. Every day a shirker in any line of work lowers the level of enjoyment of every man, woman, and child in the country, himself included. It has to be so because of one of the most fundamental reasons for work. If everything we wanted were as plentiful through the unaided processes of nature as is air, we would enjoy everything with as little effort as we breathe. But it is because almost all of the things we want do not freely come to us that we have to begin to work to get them. Even if we are able to satisfy all our desires for necessities, we are unable to catch up with our desires for comforts and luxuries. How much we have of necessities and how near we are able to get to satisfying our desires for luxuries depend upon how much each of us helps to produce. It's worse than "You can't keep your cake and eat it." You can't eat or keep it if it isn't made. Even this is not the whole story. If there is less wool grown, we not only can get less wool, but we become so anxious to get our share that we offer more of other things for the amount we can get, and this produces an effect in the value of other commodities. In that way the result is transmitted to everybody, whether he uses wool or not.

Infractions of health bring experiences so poignant and smarting that the comprehension of the danger to everybody is widespread. The comprehension of how lessened production affects the common welfare is less widespread. One of the things we need most is the realization on the part of every worker, with brain or hand, employer or employee, that, by every bit he lessens production, by that amount he takes something away from us. Not only does he deprive us of an article or a service we could enjoy now, but he limits the future. Some of us should be working on permanent improvements for the future, such as roads and bridges and railways and steamships and buildings and dams. Some of us should be working to build machines that will make our future production much larger than the present. But we cannot spare workers for that unless other workers are able to grow and make the things we all need now.

It may have been noticed that with few exceptions these labor laws have been State laws. The matters are too vital to the people of the whole State to be left to the control of the city or other local action. The legislature passed the laws, but the enforcement of them is mainly in the hands of the State Industrial Commission. Local authorities aid in some respects, but they act, not for the locality, but for the State. For instance, the Fire Department of New York City has the administration of the Labor Law relative to fire protection in factory buildings in New York City, but here it becomes the agent of the State. Our Industrial Commission not only illustrates the tendency to centralize the enforcement of the law but gives an example of advanced practice in making additions to the law. The provisions of the law are broad and general, but it needs rules and regulations to carry them out.

"The Industrial Commission is on the job continuously, and not only at intervals, like a legislature. It is not hurried to put through a mass of legislation before a specified date of adjournment. It can therefore investigate thoroughly and in detail. It can issue different rules for different conditions, and can modify its rules when the conditions change or as soon as it discovers new and more effective remedies.

"This work is done by the advisory committee method. These committees are composed of representatives of employers and employees of the interests and industries affected. Serving also on these committees are experts in the various lines in the employ of the Commission, as well as consulting engineers and experts outside of the Commission."

Examples of such committees are those on Artificial Light, Dangerous Machinery, Width of Aisles in Factories, Mines and Quarries, Boilers, Dangerous Trades, Wood Alcohol and Other Poisonous Substances, Elevators, Smoking.

Another form of regulation comes when the State sets standards of admission to an occupation. The doctor, the dentist, the pharmacist, the lawyer, the teacher, the chauffeur, the veterinarian, all must prove that they have at least a minimum capacity before they touch human or even animal life. The State often co-operates here with private organizations which determine the standards that are legalized. A closely allied movement arose when Civil Service examinations were given to get public employees who had the ability to serve the public instead of a political machine. The State may require standards of health, as in the case of bakeries. The provision that "no person who has any communicable disease shall work or be permitted to work in a bakery" compelled the exclusion of the mother of our Russian family.

The public exercises a control over a larger area of work through the regular activities of the governmental agencies. Here there is positive action in the public interest as contrasted with prohibitions. We elect our higher officials, but the work is carried on by thousands of employees who stay more or less permanently—what we call our Civil Service. All the conditions of work are here determined by the higher officials or by laws creating the positions. During the war the Federal Government greatly increased its ordinary activity in all ways, but notably in taking over the railways and in its tremendous efforts in shipbuilding and ship operation. Here the daily work of millions came under the direct eye and hand of the Government. Thousands of others were affected by Government contracts. For instance, the War Labor Board would not approve a contract for Government work unless conditions of labor in the plants concerned were satisfactory. The Government also often puts its stamp of approval upon a certain standard by adopting that standard in Government work, but leaving private industry free to imitate or not. As before mentioned, New York State has adopted the eight-hour day for all contracts for Government work.

In all this activity of the Government the benefit to the public health and to public morals is plain. The benefit to the individual is equally clear. More and more the worker sees that his own life is healthier and happier because the Government places some restrictions upon him. More and more employers are advocates of social legislation because they have become convinced that sturdier, more productive workers are one of the results of such legislation. Both employers and employees are comprehending that the old practices which are now restricted were not "good business." When the beneficent effect of public action becomes as clear to all workers and to all employers as it has already become to large sections of each group, we shall have a co-operation that will add greatly to the betterment of our Nation.

In closing I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness especially to the co-operation of the American Association for Labor Legislation, the New York Child Labor Committee, and the State Industrial Commission.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY [1]

MORLEY is a name that has always rather appealed to us in literature. There is John Morley, for example, now Lord Morley, barrister and journalist, with his essay "On Compromise" and his "Life of Oliver Cromwell." If Marley may be taken as a variant of Morley—certainly it can easily be pronounced so that it sounds like Morley—there is Elsie Marley, the heroine of one of the most delightful of the nursery folk-songs of England which for a quarter of a century has ever and again come popping into our mind, carried there by a delightful melody attached to it many years ago by a young Harvard man who in his day wrote some of the Pudding music for his class:

> Elsie Marley has grown so fine
> She won't get up to serve the swine
> But lies abed till eight or nine
> And surely she does take her time.

Not that we think Christopher Morley has grown so fine as to be guilty of literary superciliousness. On the contrary, he grows more mellow and friendlier as he proceeds. In his latest book, which he calls "Mince Pie," and of which, by the way, the title is not the best feature, he prints some "Instructions" as a foreword in place of a preface. These instructions begin:

> This book is intended to be read in bed. Please do not attempt to read it anywhere else.
>
> In order to obtain the best results for all concerned do not read a borrowed copy, but buy one.

We have followed these instructions. We bought a copy at the full retail price at a Fifth Avenue bookstore, and we are reading it in bed, not, however, because the book is indigestible, as the title might lead the thoughtless to surmise, but because with the author we think reading in bed is one of the most delightful of bad habits. Perhaps it is bad because it is so delightful. Some critic has called Montaigne's essays a bedside book. Or perhaps it was James Howell's "Letters." Whichever it was, the definition is a good one. A bedside book ought not to be soporific, but neither ought it to be exciting. It ought to stir reflection rather than stimulate thought. It ought to put the reader a little more at peace with the world and with himself without agitating either his mind or his conscience. The trouble with most modern novels as bedside books is that they are either too intellectual or too reformatory. If we were making a list of bedside books, we should certainly include de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma Chambre" and George Borrow's "Bible in Spain." This is only said in passing, however, because Christopher Morley might not agree with us, and for the moment we are discussing Christopher Morley.

After having read three of his most recent books, "Parnassus on Wheels," "The Haunted Bookshop," and, of course, "Mince Pie," together with some of his poetry in two little volumes entitled "The Rocking-Horse" and "Songs for a Little House," we wanted to know something about his personality. First we got his photograph, which is reproduced on this page, and which we are sure does not do him justice, for, to be perfectly frank, it looks nothing like the man that is pictured in his writings. Next, we inquired about

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

him from a personal acquaintance. We quote from a letter received in reply:

> Christopher Morley was born in Baltimore, son of Dr. Frank Morley, of Johns Hopkins University. He is to-day just thirty years old. He graduated from Haverford College, whence he was elected to a Rhodes Scholarship, representing Maryland. He went to Oxford in the fall of 1910. In 1913 he returned to this country and, as he puts it, "Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company were rash enough to give me a glimpse of the machinery of the publishing business and tolerated my frenzies for some time." Of course it is scarcely necessary for me to add that Mr. Morley was a very valued member of the organization here and his lively and inventive mind was a never-failing source of valuable ideas.
>
> He left this house to become—again I quote his own words—"one of the little group of willful men editing the 'Ladies' Home Journal.'" He was married several years ago, and has one son, who is now not quite three years old.
>
> At present Mr. Morley is conducting a column on the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger." He is, as you are of course aware, author of two books of verse, "Songs for a Little House" and "The Rocking-Horse," besides the prose works which we have published. The "little house" of the former is a combination of two little houses—one at Hempstead, the other at Queens, Long Island—which he occupied while connected with this firm. Another book of verse, called "The Eighth Pin," was produced by Mr. Morley in undergraduate days.
>
> Mr. Morley's personal tastes, predilections, and avocations are pretty well set forth in his books.

The last sentence of our informant's letter is singularly accurate. Nobody can read Mr. Morley's books without feeling that he is a kind of literary kinsman of Charles Lamb—a lover of literature in the best sense of that word—that is to say, a lover of the humorous, gentle, human, friendly side of life as it is expressed in artless but artistic English. He likes Crabb Robinson and William Blake and Charles Lamb. The form of English prose which most appeals to him is undoubtedly the essay, but he occasionally bursts into song. "Mince Pie," for example, is really a group of essays on the simple experiences and objects of daily life. The title of the first essay in his volume is "On Filling an Ink-Well," which we rather wish he had used as the title of the book instead of "Mince Pie." "Mince Pie" suggests the slapstick humor of Artemus Ward or Josh Billings or Bill Nye, a humor not to be sneezed at, to be sure; but it is equally sure that Christopher Morley's humor is not of this uproarious type. It is as if Charles Lamb's precious ruminations were entitled "Roast Pig" instead of "Essays of Elia."

We have just said that Morley occasionally bursts into song. He does it as skillfully and yet as unprofessionally as "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." The essay on "Filling an Ink-Well," for example, closes in these words:

> Some such thoughts as these twinkled in my head as I held up the Pierian bottle against the light, admired the deep blue of it, and filled my ink-well. And then I took up my pen, which wrote—
>
> A GRACE BEFORE WRITING
>
> This is a sacrament, I think!
> Holding the bottle toward the light,
> As blue as lupin gleams the ink;
> May Truth be with me as I write!
>
> That small dark cistern may afford
> Reunion with some vanished friend,—
> And with this ink I have just poured
> May none but honest words be penned!

One feels on reading his books that his must be a pleasant home to visit, a home in which verses can be produced like the two following. We take them from "Songs for a Little House:"

> SECRET LAUGHTER
>
> "I had a secret laughter."
> —*Walter de la Mare.*
>
> There is a secret laughter
> That often comes to me,
> And though I go about my work
> As humble as can be,
> There is no prince or prelate
> I envy—no, not one.
> No evil can befall me—
> By God, I have a son!
>
> SIX WEEKS OLD
>
> He is so small, he does not know
> The summer sun, the winter snow;
> The spring that ebbs and comes again,
> All this is far beyond his ken.
>
> A little world he feels and sees:
> His mother's arms, his mother's knees;
> He hides his face against her breast,
> And does not care to learn the rest.

Here is another homely poem from "The Rocking Horse:"

> SMELLS (JUNIOR)
>
> My daddy smells like tobacco and books,
> Mother, like lavender and listerine;
> Uncle John carries a whiff of cigars,
> Nannie smells starchy and scapy and clean.
>
> Shandy, my dog, has a smell of his own
> (When he's been out in the rain he smells most);
> But Katie, the cook, is more splendid than all—
> She smells exactly like hot buttered toast!

We wonder if Charles Lamb would not have liked to sit in an old easy chair and talk with daddy while Shandy lay upon the hearth rug and Katie produced a bit of evening supper.

In one of the essays of "Mince Pie"—

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[1] Shandygaff. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I.
The Haunted Bookshop. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I.
Parnassus on Wheels. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I.
Mince Pie. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I.
Songs for a Little House. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I.
The Rocking Horse. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I.

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we wish we did not have to repeat that name—Christopher Morley, in describing a friend and colleague, says: "Bob and I decided to collaborate to write a farcical novel. It is still unwritten save for the first few chapters." The inference plainly is that he does not consider himself to be a novelist. Nevertheless, he has written two delightful stories, of which the second fairly deserves to be called a novel. These two stories are "Parnassus on Wheels" and "The Haunted Bookshop." They are slight in volume, but delightful in quality. "Parnassus on Wheels" is whimsical and original in conception. It is the story of a book peddler who sold books in a peripatetic fashion, not because he loved commerce, but because he loved books. A delightful humor and an equally delightful middle-aged love story run through the narrative of the adventures of this peddler in the countryside adjacent to Long Island Sound. The story gives the author a medium for jotting down in most engaging fashion his ideas on books and authors and reading. It is full of pleasant little pictures of pastures and trees and roadsides, and is altogether delightful from the point of view either of human nature, literature, or outdoor nature.

Having tried this short and successful flight in novel-writing with books and reading as the theme, Christopher Morley makes a larger venture in the more elaborate story called "The Haunted Bookshop." In this Professor Roger Mifflin and his middle-aged lady love of "Parnassus on Wheels" appear again in the married state and as the proprietors of a second-hand bookshop in Brooklyn. The love motive is taken up by a most fascinating *ingenue*, who is, of course, both rich and beautiful, and by a young advertising solicitor who, having gone through a series of extraordinary complications worthy of the best detective story of Sherlock Holmes, wins, and deserves to win, the *ingenue*. There is really a deep-laid plot in the story connected with pro-Germanism during the world war—a plot which revolves in a very original fashion about a copy of Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell," which is used, not for purposes of education, but of assassination. Whimsical humor is perhaps the dominating characteristic of "The Haunted Bookshop," but, like its immediate predecessor, it gives the author an opportunity to express himself about books and authors in a very original and readable fashion.

We should think Mr. Phelps, of Yale University, would like "Parnassus on Wheels" and "The Haunted Bookshop" very much indeed. Perhaps he does. If he has not read them, we advise him to. They certainly prove one thing—namely, that "a dam' literary feller" need not necessarily be a highbrow, and that an American humorist of the most genuine sort can really like the best of literature.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Ecstasy. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Despite frequent exquisite touches, this is a disappointing novel in plot, character drawing, and style. It was written a generation ago before Couperus had "found himself" as well as he did afterwards. Its present translation will simply serve to widen the acquaintance of Americans who do not read Dutch with the development of a notable novelist.

Old Colony Stories. By Jane G. Austin. Betty Alden, A Nameless Nobleman, Standish of Standish, Dr. LeBaron and His Daughters, David Alden's Daughter, and Other Stories. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

We are glad to see a definitive edition of the novels and stories of Jane G. Austin. Some of them have a distinct and well-handled historical interest, notably so in the book "Standish of Standish." All of the stories are pleasantly and agreeably written, and while not of the first order in American fiction, they have a very creditable standing in the second line. Many readers who saw the books years ago will be genuinely glad to renew their acquaintance with these novels.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Czechoslovak Fairy Tales. Retold by Parker Fillmore. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

We have recently had a number of books of fairy tales each representing a different country. The present volume includes stories from Czech, Slovakian, and Moravian sources, and, so far as we know, is the first book of Czechoslovak tales to be offered to American readers. The tales have an evident relationship to Russian fairy tales. In common with them they are exuberant, humorous, and sad. But they are not so fantastic, and one feels that they have a far greater foundation of fact. The illustrations by Jan Matulka are expressive in a high degree of the peculiarities of Czech art.

Sigurd, Our Golden Collie, and Other Comrades of the Road. By Katharine Lee Bates. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

We all know what a treasure a dog is to a man or boy; we are less sure about the dog in his relations to women and girls. The present volume informs us in welcome detail concerning those relations. To prove the book's worth let some father or mother try reading it aloud to a little girl who is the happy owner of a dog.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

Painting and the Personal Equation. By Charles H. Woodbury, N. A. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

American landscape painting has a virility not found in Europe, says Mr. Woodbury. The American people, full of life, he adds, find their natural expression in force. While the immediate object of this book is to instruct in painting, it also considers psychological factors. The personal equation in painting is what moves our author to his discussion. He addresses his remarks to the painter, the student, and the public. The book is full of suggestiveness both as to art and as to life.

BIOGRAPHY

Between You and Me. By Sir Harry Lauder. The James A. McCann Company, New York.

"I'm no writin' a book so much as I'm sittin' doon wi' ye all for a chat," Harry Lauder says in his first chapter; and he carries the plan through to the last. The book is a biography, a Scot's philosophy of life, and a shrewd discourse on current social problems, combined. Readers who are not frightened at a glimpse of Scotch dialect will love the book for its genuine human note, its humor, and its underlying pathos.

Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This is a new edition of Theodore Roosevelt's "Autobiography," most of which originally appeared in the pages of The Outlook.

POETRY

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919 and Year Book of American Poetry. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Mr. Braithwaite's annual Anthology of Magazine Verse improves from year to year. The present volume is no exception to this rule. Particularly to be commended is the elimination of Mr. Braithwaite's usual attempt at rating the verse of the year according to merit. Mr. Braithwaite's anthologies might be made of even greater value to the student of current poetry if he would cover more completely the field which he surveys. His bibliography is admirable as far as it goes, but it is far from complete.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Holland of To-Day. By George Wharton Edwards. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

This is no merely splendid-looking book. Mr. Edwards's text dips far beneath the superficial. His descriptions are of places picturesque in themselves, or which, like Amerongen, have latterly become well known, He shows us not only places, he shows us the life lived in them. To those of us who have visited in the regions he describes there comes a return of the very atmosphere we breathed. The illustrations in color and monotone are exquisite.

What to See in America. By Clifton Johnson. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

It is safe to say that if this book could be adopted as a "reader" in the schools, the next generation would need no urging to "see America first." The noteworthy things in every State are succinctly and interestingly described, and historical facts are given as well. The numerous pictures are well selected. The traveled reader is sure to find new things as well as old in the volume, and the "stay-at-home" will find here new zest for fireside travels.

WAR BOOKS

Martyred Towns of France (The). By Clara E. Laughlin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This volume includes, of course, descriptions of such places as Rheims, Verdun, St. Quentin, Noyon, Senlis, and Compiègne. But why it also includes descriptions of Metz and Strasbourg (towns hardly martyred compared with those before mentioned) is not so clear. All of the information, however, is interesting, and some of it very timely.

MISCELLANEOUS

Adventures of a Nature Guide (The). By Enos A. Mills. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

Many thrilling adventures in wild places are here recorded, though Mr. Mills carries only a camera as a weapon. He makes good use of it in this book to supplement his always entertaining talk about his experiences in the Rockies.

Policeman and Public. By Arthur Woods, A.M. Yale University Press, New Haven.

Colonel Woods was one of the best police commissioners New York City ever had. He believes it is of fundamental importance to maintain close connections between a police force and the public it serves. This little book is an attempt to explain some police problems to the public and a plea for sympathy with the men who face these problems every day for the protection of society.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The Outlook's Political Platform

ARE you well pleased with The Outlook's political platform found elsewhere in this week's issue? What are your reasons for liking or disliking it?

Has The Outlook overlooked or omitted in its platform what seem to you to be very vital matters or points of view?

Your neighbor is as strongly against universal military training as The Outlook is in favor of it. Can you point out possible reasons why he disagrees with The Outlook's position in this matter? Do you agree with your neighbor or The Outlook? Are all those who disbelieve in military training disloyal to the best interests of the country?

The Outlook believes in conserving our natural resources. How would you refute the belief that the duty of each generation is to look out merely for itself? What are some of the ways in which you are wasteful?

Name several Americans who have been influential in arousing popular interest in the conservation movement. Why have they considered this matter so important? Should the National Government or should the States exercise control over conservation policies?

What kind of man does The Outlook want for President? If a candidate can stand an "acid test" of loyalty, does it make any difference whether he is a Democrat, a Republican, or a Socialist?

If a young American should ask you what political party he ought to join, what answer would you give him? Should every citizen who is eligible join some political party and stick to it?

Define with care the following terms and expressions: *Voters, opinions, political platform, universal military training, pacifists, egoism, public budget, candidate.*

Does Holland Like Her Guest?

Does The Outlook think that Holland likes the former German Kaiser?

What is Holland's explanation for not handing William II over to the Allies? Does her explanation show that she likes her guest? How would you answer the Dutch refusal?

There are those who believe that sentiment and history will punish William Hohenzollern sufficiently. Should the Allies put him on trial?

What is the right of asylum? What is its origin? Does the United States believe in it? Who only, in your opinion, are entitled to this right? Is it fair to consider William II's status with that of prominent political refugees of the past, such as Mazzini, Kossuth, and Garibaldi?

If Holland finally refuses to hand William Hohenzollern over to the Allies, do you think the rest of the civilized world should refuse to have any further political and economic dealings with her? Should they declare war on her?

Define in your own words the following: *Common law, public law, neutralized territory, criminal, politicians, pillory, Potsdam gang, political refugee, repudiate.*

Should the Army and Navy Be Muzzled?

For what reasons does The Outlook believe that "the controversy between Admiral Sims and Secretary Daniels is very much more than a personal quarrel between a subordinate and a superior"? Do you consider this controversy a personal matter? Should it be so considered?

In your opinion, should soldiers and sailors have the right to criticise their superiors and suggest changes in the naval and military policies of our National Government? For what reasons have they not been allowed to do this?

To what extent should custom and tradition be followed in a democratic country? Can a country remain democratic if it adheres strictly to custom and tradition?

Distinguish between proper and improper criticism of military and naval affairs. Give several illustrations in your explanation.

What should America's naval policy be? What are some of its shortcomings?

Was the naval record of the United States in the World War an admirable one? Did we make any mistakes?

Was Major-General Wood muzzled by the Wilson Administration? What was the effect of the criticism he offered upon his personal career?

Do you believe in Government investigation?

Define: *Civilian, criticism, parallel, morale, initiative, significance, armistice, pertinent remarks, doughboy, integral part.*

You will do well indeed to read Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske's book, "The Navy as a Fighting Machine," and chapter seven of Theodore Roosevelt's "Autobiography," both published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Have you read the recent and admirable series of articles about and by Admiral Sims which has been appearing in "The World's Work"?

The Case of the New York Socialists

Note that this subject is treated under three successive titles in the editorial pages.

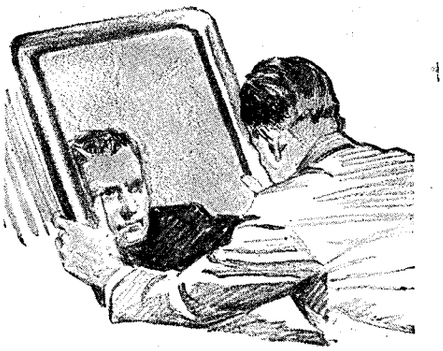
Tell with reasons your opinion of the manner in which the case of the suspended New York Socialists is being handled.

What are the principles upon which the safety of democracy depends? Do you think it well for democratic peoples to reexamine frequently the principles upon which their governments rest?

What comparisons can you make between the practice of the British Parliament and that of the Congress of the United States? Is Great Britain more democratic than America?

Make clear the meaning of: *Political steam roller, embezzlement, Sinn Fein, insolvent, high treason, reprieve, scoundrel, peers.*

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.



What Can You Get Out of You?

Think over the names of men who succeed. There is not a single quality that they have in common except that each one makes the best of each quality that he has. Nine out of ten men underestimate their power and ability to accomplish. The tenth man wins.

Professor James of Harvard, the greatest authority in the world on psychology, says:

"As a rule men use only a small part of the power which they actually possess. Compared with what we ought to be, we are only half awake. Our fires are damped, our drafts are checked. We are making use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources."

You can learn to use that extra power—how to get three times as much money, three times as much pleasure, three times as much comfort.

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will show you how. This Course in 24 lessons was planned and laid out by Harrington Emerson. Hundreds of great corporations have learned how to get the maximum results from their machinery with his help. Your machinery is energy and brains and in this Course he teaches you how to get everything possible out of them. To tell you more we have prepared

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A handbook of inspiration, stories and facts directly concerning your future. 72 pages made up of an address now being delivered all over the United States by a famous man in some of the largest corporations in America. This address was given to the employees of the General Electric Company, The United States Steel Corporation, The Willard Storage Battery Company, and many others.

At the same time we send this book we will give you some idea of what has been accomplished by Mr. Emerson in great corporations all over the country and how he can teach you what he has applied, in a few short sentences.

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Box of 50—$3.50

The Verdict—Mild Havana

THE present trend is, obviously, toward cigars of the milder type having *full Havana* fillers, like Robt. Burns. In this connection the rapidly increasing popularity of Robt. Burns is worth a moment's thought.

In achieving mildness, coupled with Havana fragrance, Robt. Burns has steadily upheld the Havana tradition which no true smoker would dispense with willingly.

The natural vigor of his *full Havana filler* is tempered to just the right degree of fragrant mildness.

All hand workmanship goes into Robt. Burns. His leaf is rolled by men who understand how good cigars are made.

Experienced dealers know the futility of offering "just-as-good" for Robt. Burns. But let your own smoke palate be the judge. Mild Robt. Burns is bound to back up good words with good deeds.

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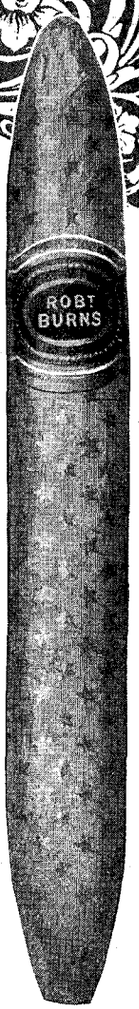

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Robt. Burns Cigar

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the Robin certainly pays full price by destroying tens of thousands of injurious bugs and earthworms during the year. Yet the Robin is but one of hundreds of birds who render man an inestimable service. Do you know these friends when you see each one?

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Tents	$4.25 up	C. W. revolvers	$2.65 up
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Spring. Rem. cal. 30 single shot rifle for model 1906 cartridges, **$7.77** Ball cart. **$3.50** per 100
15 acres Army Goods. Large illustrated cyclopedia reference catalog—428 pages—issue 1920, mailed 50 cents. **New Circular 10 cents**
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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

THE MODERN MILKMAN

THE average citizen accepts modern comforts as a matter of course, and without thought of the machinery which makes them possible.

Take the cream for the morning cereal, for instance. He knows only that the product is on his doorstep when wanted. He never contemplates how nor why so long as the schedule is maintained without disturbance.

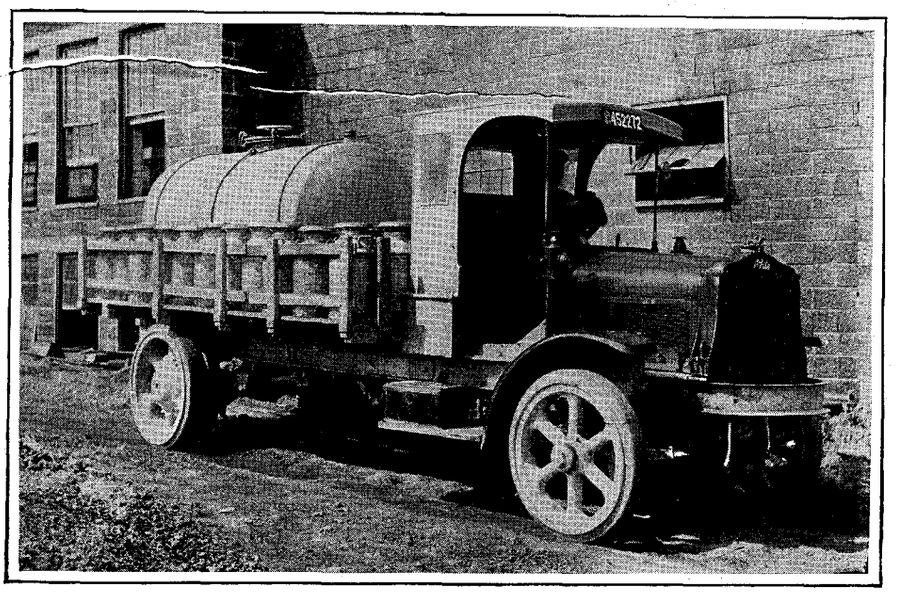
But the collection and distribution of milk for a great city is an intricate problem. Time has a vital bearing on customer satisfaction. An hour's delay invites disaster. Absolute dependability on the part of the machinery of collection and distribution is essential.

Pittsburgh's problem is unusually acute, due to lack of pasturage in the great industrial valleys adjacent to the city, and in the handling of the problem the Reick-McJunkin Company, one of the largest milk and ice-cream dealers of the country, has risen to new levels of efficiency.

This company's milk collections extend over a radius of one hundred and fifty miles, invading the rich Lake Erie country to the north. Local collection of milk and delivery of manufactured product is almost exclusively the province of trucks, thirty-one of which are in the fleet of the Reick-McJunkin Company.

Particularly interesting is the milk conveyor used in the vicinity of Lockwood, Ohio, where a great condenser of the company is located. A specially built, glass-lined steel tank of nine hundred gallons capacity on a five-ton chassis hauls milk from the collection station at Windsor, ten miles distant, to Lockwood. A rack, built around the tank, permits the carrying of additional milk in cans. Two round trips are made daily, with a third trip in the busy season.

"The glass tank, which is in reality a giant thermos bottle, keeps the milk cool even in the hottest weather—and keeping milk cool is a vital part of our business," says R. C. Bundy, superintendent of the district. "It is cleaner than cans and gives us far greater speed in loading and unloading."



Courtesy of the White Company

MILK TRANSPORTED IN A GIANT "THERMOS" BOTTLE, MOUNTED ON A MOTOR TRUCK, KEEPS COOL AND PURE

THE NATIONAL STANDARD COST SYSTEM

THE TRUCK-OWNERS' BEST FRIEND

BY S. S. MERITHEW, PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

INTELLIGENT dealing with facts is the first essence of good business. Harrington Emerson says this is the first fundamental that one must deal with, and this applies with peculiar aptness to the operator and owner of trucks.

The ordinary truck operator will run his business and secure average operating economy without a record of fundamental facts. But success above the average will never be his until his experience is tabulated. Too often he doesn't realize that records alone would show that his trucks are wasting time, capacity, and operating expense—the three things which control his success.

The Federal Trade Commission is authority for the fact that a large percentage of business failures are due to a lack of the knowledge of costs. And there is a tremendously important truth in the fact that no organization, however good, is in a position to select and operate transportation equipment that will prove efficient unless it keeps, or has access to, a system

> Fundamentally right,
> Accurately kept, and
> Intelligently analyzed.

All data kept in a system not fundamentally right will prove a meaningless mass of figures. Keeping figures is not necessarily keeping costs. A successful corporation is not interested in expense

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On the Lincoln Highway—truck thrown into the ditch by the breaking of a defective steering knuckle. Statistics show that 88.4 per cent. of all truck accidents are due to internal weaknesses.

How Much is American Business Taxed by Avoidable Breakdowns

E. H. HARRIMAN used to say that no man achieves anything worth while unless he takes all the responsibility and holds absolute control.

The Packard Company has always taken full responsibility for its trucks because it controls their building from the ground up. Every part designed by Packard—controlled by Packard through foundry, forge, machining and finishing—a Packard engineering unit, tested by Packard every step of the way.

PACKARD owns and operates the most extensive heat-treating and finishing plant in the world—producing a steel that is stronger than the average by 35,000 to 62,000 pounds to the square inch.

The steel in the rear end of a Packard truck costs 22c a pound—as against 9c for the steel ordinarily used.

Each run of steel is tested to the final limit of strength. Each finished part to highest known standard of accuracy.

Packard engines are run on the block to an equivalent of 1000 miles road service. A Packard truck is ready to do a full day's work *when it is delivered.*

THE business man runs his trucks for what they will *do.*

Transportation is his object—not having defective parts "made good" free of charge.

The Packard business is not a business of assembling parts made here and there. It is not a trade in repair parts.

It is a business of building trucks for the man who wants *transportation* every working hour of every working day.

And this is why the Packard Company keeps control every step of the way—clear back to the timber in the forest and the ore in the mine.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

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Simplify Your Shaving

A New Way to Soften the Beard

Slow, bothersome processes are done away with by Shavaid. It softens the beard instantly. It soothes and protects the skin. It does away with hot towels and rubbing in. After-shaving lotions are unnecessary. A great scientific laboratory offers you a Free Trial Tube.

THE actual process of shaving is simple. It is the preparation that takes the time, that makes it an irksome task for many men.

Shavaid frees you from this bothersome rubbing in. It softens the beard instantly. Instead of making the skin more tender, as hot water and rubbing do, it soothes, heals, protects.

Harsh Methods Unnecessary

Hot water applications before shaving should be avoided, as skin specialists agree. Hot water brings the blood to the surface at the wrong time. It causes that dry, drawn feeling. It brings wrinkles too soon.

By using Shavaid, you can do away with hot water applications and after-lotions. Shavaid keeps the skin firm and smooth—the pores remain normal. You can shave closer, without the usual abrasions and frequent use of the caustic stick.

The Simpler Way

Just apply a small quantity of Shavaid to the dry beard. Then apply your favorite lather.

But there is no need to rub the lather in. Shavaid works better if the lather is merely spread on. Then shave with comfort, new ease. Note how Shavaid has softened the beard quickly. Note the time you save.

The razor does not "pull." It "takes hold," because the hairs have been properly prepared. The face feels velvety and soft. The coating of Shavaid not only softens the beard, but acts as a complete and scientific balm for the skin.

Even if you shave close, there is no smarting, no "drawn" feeling. Shavaid is in itself a cooling, soothing, healing emollient.

Shavaid

Softens the beard instantly
—apply to dry face before the lather.

Saves time and trouble
—no hot water, no "rubbing in" of the lather.

Protects the face
—skin remains firm and smooth.

Removes the razor "pull"
—harsh ways age the skin prematurely.

Replaces after-lotions
—Shavaid is a cooling, soothing balm.

Try the New Way

Until you try Shavaid for yourself, you cannot be convinced. That is why we offer you a Trial Tube, at our expense. Just fill in the coupon and mail it. When your Free Trial Tube comes, abandon old ways and try the new way. You will be convinced.

After you have used up the Free Trial Tube, you can get Shavaid from your druggist at 50 cents a tube. Or, if he cannot supply you, we will be pleased to fill your order direct.

B&B

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THE NATIONAL STANDARD COST SYSTEM *(Continued)*

figures except in relation to production, gross business, and net results. Yet, too often, in the past, records of truck cost were never associated with records of truck performance. A record of truck performance to be fundamentally right must combine cost figures with the performance data controlling the cost. This combination should be so developed that neither feature can become separated from the other, for without one the other means little.

Another important feature of this system is that it must be built on the budget basis. Firms who kept truck costs in the past, particularly those who gave transportation service to others, made the vital mistake of omitting those costs which matured in the future, as depreciation, overhauls, and tires. Their present costs were not totals, and so their charges to the customer left them short of funds when new equipment was needed, a complete overhaul was required, or the truck must be supplied with new tires.

Again, any system must be accurately kept. That this accuracy be timely is fundamental. Costs and performance data complete at the end of the year will help but little to-day's performance that ought to be corrected. But the most important feature in accuracy with truck figures is in carrying out decimals far enough to get a result. This error of going too far is quite as bad as not going far enough. Most figures are for comparative purposes, and if they serve this purpose within a fair percentage of accuracy, they may be considered right.

For example: Gasoline mileage expressed four or five miles per gallon is not accurate enough, for the difference between 4 and 4.5 miles per gallon is many dollars every month. Oil mileage, on the other hand, expressed as 180.2 miles per gallon means nothing of practical value beyond 180 miles per gallon. All accuracy should be practical.

But a system fundamentally right and accurately kept will be of value only as it is applied in directing business judgments. Its truths, not always apparent on the surface, must be intelligently analyzed. As the public accountant and comptroller interprets a firm's balance sheet, so must men with proper experience and training interpret the cost and performance of the motor truck if motor transportation is to be at its best.

The fact that National and State organizations, which met together this year, failed again and again to make the right interpretation of trucking costs, shows the education still necessary to produce efficient truck operation. Costs per day, per mile, and per ton-mile are affected by daily mileage but are continually discussed without recognition of the mileage factor. In the same way costs per ton depend on the trip distance, yet many firms persist in keeping the record of one without the other.

Owners and operators of trucks can help each other in better operation and lower cost, but to do so they ought to use the same system. Trucking organizations already appreciate this truth, with the result that one such group has developed a system known as the National Standard Truck Cost System. Already it is being used very extensively, and not only meets the requirements of a system as outlined above, for every business, but enables the owner, transportation engineer, or salesman to make an intelligent analysis of truck performanee and cost.

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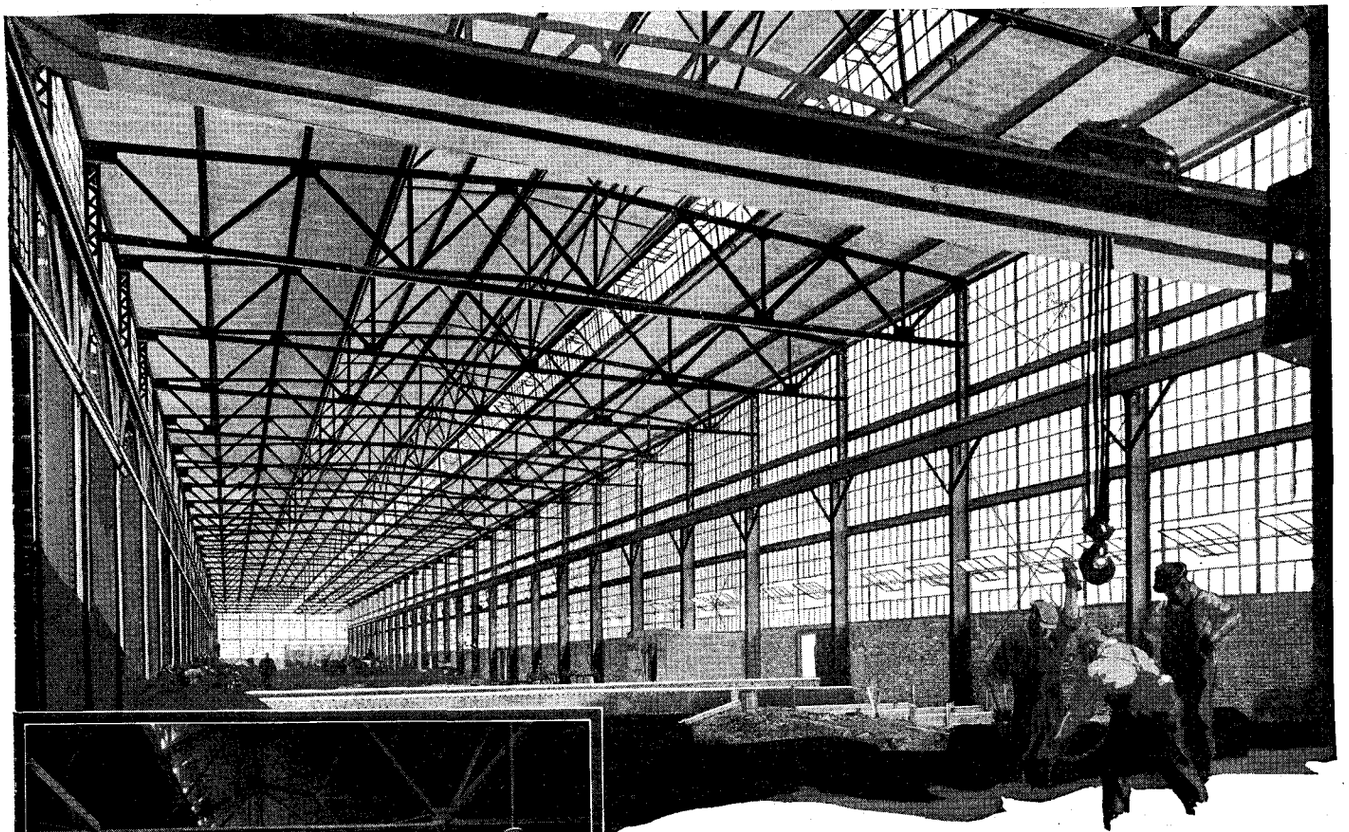

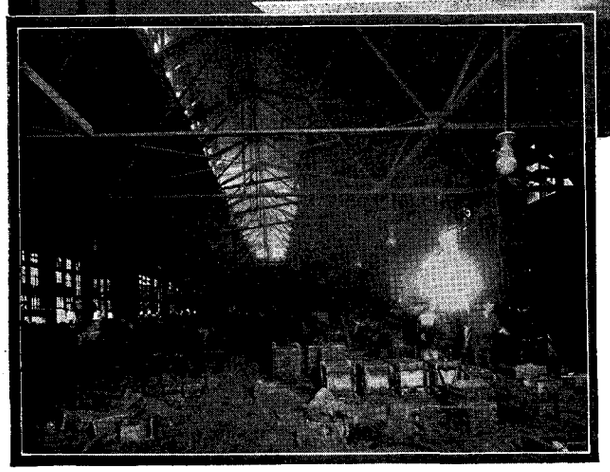

Above: Hubbard Steel Foundry, East Chicago, Ind.
Northwestern Bridge and Iron Co., *Engineers*

41,725 square feet of Fenestra sash insure maximum daylight, while 2600 lineal feet of Fenestra Operator, built as an integral part of the sash, control the ventilation. Daylight, Fire Protection and Weathering make Fenestra WindoWalls an essential to modern industrial construction.

Below: An actual photograph of a foundry NOT daylighted with Fenestra WindoWalls

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THE cost per square foot of Daylight is a big element in the productive value of any structure.

Walls were built primarily for protection. But protection in too many cases has been obtained at the expense of Daylight and Ventilation.

For example, brick and stone walls with wooden windows give partial protection, but restrict light and ventilation and, therefore, decrease production. Walls of this type are consequently too expensive from the standpoint of efficient service.

Fenestra WindoWalls of shining glass and thin steel bars in broad areas insure protection from outside destructive forces and inside mishap. They flood your building with health-giving and energy-producing Daylight. They provide ventilation in the volume and at the location required. They are the most economical of all wall materials; they make light cost less and produce more.

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Lumina SOLID STEEL WINDOWS **for sale by Canadian Metal Window Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada**

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SHE knows that something must be done to repair what long hours of work and worry have torn down.

From her Physician she knows that Sanatogen, the food-tonic, supplies what nerves need most—concentrated nourishment, in the shape of pure protein and organic phosphorus, to provide a fresh and abundant store of energy for the work-weary nerves.

And when Sanatogen actually brings to him a new joy in working and achieving, he, too, feels that in Sanatogen he has found indeed a true friend to lean on in times of physical stress.

He will say with David Belasco: "I heartily recommend Sanatogen to all those who, like myself, are obliged to overwork. After my personal experience I can readily vouch for its recuperative qualities."

You, too, will find Sanatogen the aid you need.

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"One of my New Year's resolutions was to decrease my expense account. The Outlook was one of the eliminations. Three weeks without the paper has proven that it has become a necessity in my every day life. Will you please renew my subscription at once."

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FURNISHING BOLSHEVIKIA WITH GOOD BOLSHEVIKS

AN ARGUMENT FOR DEPORTATION

[Though we do not believe that dumping the Reds on Russia will cure the unrest on which Reds thrive, there is a good deal that can be said for ridding our country of those who would destroy its institutions—especially when it can be said with wit and good humor. That is why we reprint the following editorial from the Grand Rapids "Herald." Our readers will remember the article in The Outlook for January 14, 1920, which called forth this editorial, entitled "Osborn on 'Deportation,'" from one of the important daily newspapers of ex-Governor Osborn's own State.—THE EDITORS.]

In the current Outlook ex-Governor Chase S. Osborn, of Michigan, challenges the Government's deportation programme—not through any sympathy with the wastrel Reds, but as a matter of international morality. "What right have we," he inquires, "to dump on anybody anywhere a contagion, intellectual or social or physical or moral? Suppose the Asiatic cholera had broken out here; would we try to cure it by shipping it back to Asia?" The point is an interesting one; but the parallel is incomplete.

Cholera is a contagion against which its victims fight for their own lives; communism and anarchy are contagions which victims eagerly embrace. If this situation were reversed; if there were a great cholera colony in Russia, let us say, where fanaticism deified cholera as serving some useful function (no more violent an assumption than the deification of the Soviet); if there were Russians in America who insisted that we, too, must become choleric for their sakes, it would become obviously appropriate—without the violation of any possible code—for us to ship our unwelcome and contagious zealots back to their own choleric mecca where they can get what they want, yet where they cannot inflict epidemic upon the rest of us. We send lepers to a leper colony; why should we not send Bolsheviks to a Bolshevik colony? "Very good," argues our always interesting ex-Governor; "the thing to do with the Communists is to segregate them in a reservation (as we did the Indians) and let them cure themselves by finding out through their own experiment that their theories won't work." But why establish a Bolshevik reservation in America when one already exists in Russia? Surely it is no imposition on a man to give him what he wants and at government expense! The American Bolshevik wants a Soviet—which he can't get in America in a thousand years; we deliver him, f. o. b. Petrograd, into a Bolshevik millennium. We are "dumping" (Osborn's word) nothing on anybody. We are furnishing Bolshevikia with good Bolsheviks; we are furnishing Bolsheviks with the immediate attainment of their dreams. Really, such thoughtfulness ought to win gratitude instead of anathema from our turbulent friends for whom America is nothing more than a shooting-gallery.

We are not sending any of our own citizens away; when a citizen threatens us, we start him toward jail—in other words, we look after our own plagues ourselves. But when an alien brings us a Russian curse, we have a perfect right to insist that he is

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Russia's problem and not ours. To intern him (as Osborn suggests) would be to deprive him of liberty and martyrize him and feed his spleen and cover Columbia with sores. To deport him is elementary justice to him and to us; to him, because he gets a short cut to his own proclaimed ideals; to us, because we are relieved of unassimilatable matter. Surely no one will argue that we have not the "right" to stop a dangerous immigrant at our gates and refuse him entry, "dumping," if you please, the "contagion" he represents back on the land whence it came. Have we any less "right" to send him back after we have tried to Americanize this immigrant and failed? Have we completely sacrificed the self-preservative function by giving him temporary sanctuary? Certainly not. Let it not be forgotten that this "dumping process" began when Europe unloaded its Anarchists on us. We did not start it; we merely finish, logically, the process Europe itself began. So, as we see it, America has every "right" to deport its alien enemies; and America has softening of the brain if it hesitates in doing so.

We entirely agree with Governor Osborn that "deportation" policies alone will not cure America of Bolshevism. There must be construction as well as destruction. We agree that "if conditions were as they should be in this country and in the world, there would not be so many of these unbalanced socially and intellectually hungry people." But that is no reason why we should permit aliens who have become unbalanced because of "world conditions" elsewhere to "reform" America (whose "condition" they have not learned and whose institutions they do not know). We agree that there are great communal works to be done in our own United States. But it is job enough to turn the trick without rattlesnakes in the basement and porch-climbers upstairs. As for "cholera," its four greatest outbreaks have been principally confined to the old world—with Russia always involved; and the mere fact that they have cholera over there has never been a reason why we should have cholera over here.—*Grand Rapids "Herald."*

AMERICANIZATION IN A SMALL TOWN

BY GRACE HUMPHREY

Americanization is in the air these days. Our town's sudden sensing of the need of work among our foreigners was due in part to this Nation-wide interest, in part to requests from departments at Washington, and in part to the urge and energy of a little group of interested people.

Ours is a Mid-Western town of sixty thousand. Not a factory town, though we have some factories. Not a mining town primarily, though there are coal mines on our outskirts. Not a distinctly farmers' town, though in a rich agricultural country. We're just a nice American town, and in many details a typical American town.

What, exactly, asked this little group of people, is our problem? How many foreigners in our town? Where do they live? To what nationalities do they belong? How many are naturalized, or are waiting for their second papers? And how do you start Americanization work? No one could answer, save in a general way, with more guess than assurance.

The Commercial Association reported that their war census showed practically no foreigners in our factories. You'll find

Five Good Reasons Why

OLD Hampshire Bond should be the standard paper for *your* business stationery:

First, the *feel* of it; every sheet has a crisp, crackling surface that unmistakably says, "Quality."

Then, there's the firm, tough texture that comes from finest hand-sorted rags, carefully fabricated.

Consider next, the added impression your message makes when typed on such a paper; and remember that in writing, as in personal contact, impression counts.

Old Hampshire is durable—and *this*, don't forget, is important to your correspondent.

Lastly, think of the kind of work your printer can do on Old Hampshire Bond. This in itself is reason enough for you to use it.

Old Hampshire Bond

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AMERICANIZATION IN A SMALL TOWN

(Continued)

them in the mines, said the secretary. Very well: let's send a teacher to the mines. But this plan was promptly vetoed by the men themselves the moment it was proposed.

"No, no," was the emphatic reply: "no class at the mine. We go home and get scrubbed up. We eat a hot supper after our cold lunch. We go to the new schoolhouse. And we go to English class at seven o'clock, if you please."

On the outskirts of our town there are mines in three directions. There are seventeen schools. Where would English classes be most convenient? Why not use the Board of Education's card catalogue of school-children, some one suggested? That shows the nationality of the father. A group of high school girls listed by school and nationality the foreign families living in our town—a thousand four hundred and twenty-five of them, and that didn't include unmarried men or women, boarders, or families with children too little to go to school. Counting six to a family, we were amazed at our foreign-born population—a big percentage of our sixty thousand in a town that proudly named itself an American city!

Each school neighborhood was mapped out with a great circle whose colored segments showed the different nationalities. The schools varied from twenty-four foreign families to two hundred and thirty, and these charts answered immediately the question where classes should be held.

Meanwhile a "gifts of the nations" class was planned, to show the native-born Americans something of our foreign-born friends. There were map talks on the peoples of eastern and southeastern Europe. There were dramatic songs and recitations in strange foreign tongues. And there were vivid personal narratives: of troubles at Ellis Island, of difficulties encountered through their not understanding English, of experiences in the night school which was conducted for a short while in our town, of the hard questions asked in naturalization, and what they wanted most—friendliness, an ending of the utter isolation in which they lived.

The speakers were Italian and Austrian, Russian and Syrian, Greek and Lithuanian—a lawyer, a physician just back from service in a training camp, a girl in her freshman year of high school and a senior boy, a priest and a minister, a consular agent, a convent-bred lady. It gave the listeners a new view-point to hear the total of war activities in Liberty Loans and Red Cross work achieved by the foreigners in our town, to learn that in one nationality half the men of draft age had volunteered for service, and in another group more than half were in business for themselves and making good. There were talks by plain Americans, too—on the significance of the class and of the Americanization movement; on the foreigners met in fifteen years of business dealings with them; on naturalization, given by a Federal official.

The supervisor of Chicago's classes for the foreign-born was engaged to give four lectures on methods in Americanization work, ending with a demonstration lesson in English to a group of Hungarians. Two days later classes were opened in four schools. A hundred and fifty pupils came the first night, and in two weeks three hundred were enrolled—the measure of success at the end of a year suggested for our

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town by a naturalization official from Chicago.

At one of these schools pupils came and came until five teachers were needed. The average attendance, in spite of sickness and night work, was more than ninety-five per cent. And such earnest pupils as they proved to be—coming early and staying late, asking thoughtful questions, paying the most flattering attention to every word that fell from the teacher's lips, faithful, zealous, persistent, eager, never watching the clock.

These pupils in English and citizenship, it was supposed, would be miners. But they represented twenty occupations and twenty-seven nationalities. Among them were thirty-one women, sometimes better students than their men.

There must be in our town, said the little group of interested people, nearly as many women needing Americanization as there are men—wives and daughters and sisters. How to reach them? If evening and the school aren't convenient, why not try daytime neighborhood groups with volunteer teachers? Why not special lessons on the things of special interest to women? Shortly a dozen such classes were meeting each week in Italian and Lithuanian and Russian homes.

And simultaneously work with individual pupils began—men and women who for various reasons did not fit in with the regular classes, yet needed this friendly tutoring—an old man of sixty who found the others went too fast for him; one man slightly deaf; one who could answer almost any question in citizenship, but could not write; several who lived too far from any school.

Foreigners needing this individual help and pupils for home groups were reported by the garden teacher, the Associated Charities visitors, nurses at the child welfare stations, the School Board's attendance officer, the library, and other agencies that were interested at once. Sometimes the need was temporary, and after a few weeks pupils could be sent to the school classes. But for the volunteer who has skill as a teacher and a vision of the work there is a limitless opportunity for an hour of service, twice a week, in Americanization.

Regular or volunteer, all the teachers in our town agree on the enormous rewards of this work—to the teacher.

"I'm learning more than any of my class," said one man.

"It's so interesting," said another, "because the men more than do their part."

"In all my thirty-nine years of teaching," said a veteran, "I have never had a more profitable class than this one in citizenship."

And one of the volunteers, whose class was made up of foreign-born women working in a hotel, said: "I'm sometimes very tired when I go down at seven o'clock after a long day. But their appreciation is so genuine that I go home singing."

The term of eleven weeks came to an end, and these classes were closing. A party was planned for the last evening, and from every side came exclamations of regret mingled with pleasure. At one school a group of men asked the principal if that last night they could have one grand celebration.

"What do you want to do?" he questioned, fearing what their idea of celebrating might be.

"To come at six o'clock instead of seven," was the prompt answer, "and go

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Consider that—the steak for an average family meal would serve 100 dishes of the food of foods.

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. One egg would buy five dishes. One chop would buy twelve dishes, based on prices at this writing.

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But the true way to measure foods is by nutrition. The calory—the energy unit—is used for this comparison.

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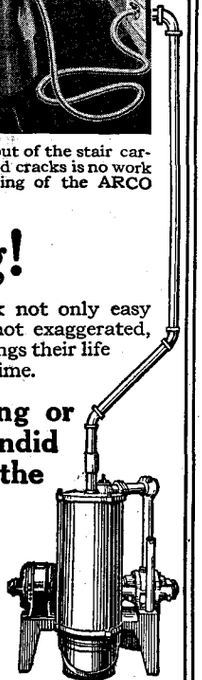

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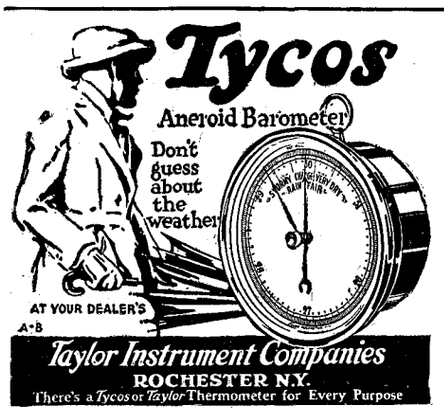

AMERICANIZATION IN A SMALL TOWN
(Continued)

home at nine o'clock instead of eight—and to have lessons all that time."

If only they could have more English classes! said both men and women, over and over. Why not? asked the little group of interested people. The volunteer teachers were appealed to and classes were announced to meet at the public library. And seventy-one pupils came the first night in a storm!

The citizenship classes were given an examination by a Federal official, and more than a hundred passed this written test, admitting them to citizenship without further examination. The diplomas, bearing the signatures of the naturalization officials at Washington and a great seal, were given the last evening at the exercises held in each school.

There was music—patriotic American music and wonderful foreign songs. There were talks by some of the pupils. There were talks by the Superintendent of Schools and the Governor of the State. That was the climax of each party—the Governor's coming to thank them, in the name of the State, for the effort they had made to attend the classes.

"Only a big man is willing to go to school after he is grown," he said. "If when you are admitted to citizenship you study and read and think as you have in this school, our State is in no danger from her citizens of foreign birth."

THE PASSING OF THE SENTINEL

From the Pacific coast comes word of the death of one of the Sentinels, felled by a mighty storm that recently swept the sky line of the high Sierras.

The Sentinel belonged to that ancient tribe of trees known as the *Sequoia gigantica*, noted for their great size and the attainment of an age upwards of two thousand years. In fact, they are the largest and oldest living things on earth.

This particular tree claimed as home and birthplace that portion of the California Sierras that traverses Calaveras County, where, with his twin brother standing like sturdy guardsmen, they formed the gateway to the famous grove. In falling he grievously damaged his companion, but there is hope that spring will have a reviving influence.

In making observations in the various "Big Tree Groves" more than one instance has been noted where mate did not long survive mate. More than half a century ago, in this very grove of Calaveras, the "Mother of the Forest" suffered a cruel tragedy, and to-day her shrunken form and the pathetic story touch the hearts of all. While still in the full vigor of life she was stripped of her bark to a height of 116 feet in order that some enterprising Shylock might fill his pocket with gold. The bark was removed in strips ten feet wide and carried across the Atlantic, where, remounted, it became a prominent feature of a foreign exposition. The unfortunate "Mother" succumbed later to fire, after a struggle of years to live, and to-day is but a tall, stately shell.

Not far away lies the broken form of the "Father of the Forest." He apparently dropped from mere weight of his years, but we like to think that he preferred death rather than to be a daily witness of the tragic fate of his mate.

Toledo, Ohio. MARIAN R. T. LINES.

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"JUSTICE FOR THE POOR"

It is doubtless very presumptuous for a country lawyer to question such high authority as the author of the article in the December 24 issue of The Outlook under the caption "Justice for the Poor" and the eminent men quoted by him. But it seems to me that some of the statements contained in the article and the general impression of the article itself are extreme and not at all justified by the facts.

At this time, when the dearest purpose of the Socialist and Anarchist propagandist seems to be to undermine the respect for law and the courts in the minds of the laboring classes, is it wise to publish such statements as the following?

"A persuasion spreads that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor."

"The report adds, 'As the man told his story, sitting in the office of the Legal Aid Society, he was an incipient Anarchist.' No wonder. Why should he not be? Of what benefit was law to him?"

"One is not surprised to read that Dean Vance, of the University of Minnesota Law School, has said: 'Bluntly put, the American lawyer has proved a failure.'"

In my humble opinion, such statements, at least as they may be applied to conditions in Minnesota, are not true, and they furnish ready material for the anti-American propagandist.

To say that the lawyer and the administration of justice have been failures because neither the one nor the other has been perfect is no more justifiable than to say that the teacher and the schools, the preacher and the church, have been failures because their work has not reached a state of perfection.

It seems to me that the establishment of small claims courts and other reforms in the administration of justice could be advocated without claiming that the whole judicial system of the country is a failure and grossly unfair to the poor man.

CONSTANT LARSON.

Alexandria, Minnesota.

[The way to prevent revolution is to remedy the wrongs that incite men to revolution. The first step toward remedy is a frank recognition of those wrongs.—THE EDITORS.]

SIR OLIVER LODGE'S ACCOUNT OF ELECTRICITY

(From the Hibbert Journal, January, 1920, Abridged)

Electricity is a substance. It consists of corpuscular particles. These can be counted, weighed, and measured. They crowd on the surface of a charged body; constitute a current on a wire; whirl in orbits and constitute magnetism. Light is generated by their changing movements. Light is transmitted by an invisible medium which fills all space—ether. Electric charges are specks of modified ether. They appear to be the ultimate foundation stones of which the material cosmos is built. The two kinds of electricity (positive and negative) seem to combine in different ways so as to make all the chemical elements. A duality runs through the scheme of physics—matter and ether. Energy is always passing to and fro from one to the other, from ether to matter, or *vice versa*, and in this passage all work is done.

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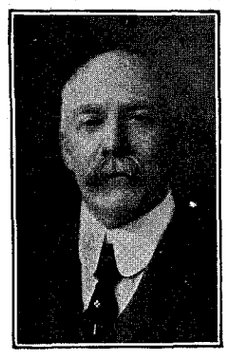

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JOHN WANAMAKER says: "I would, if it had been necessary, have been willing to have gone without at least one meal a day to buy one of the Marden books."

LORD NORTHCLIFFE says: "I believe Dr. Marden's writings will be of immense assistance to all young men."

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY says: "Dr. Marden is one of the wonders of our time. I personally feel under a debt of obligation to him for his marvelous inspiration and help."

When such men as these, and a host of others too numerous to mention, have felt so strongly the debt of gratitude they owe this man that they have not hesitated to acknowledge it in writing, surely you also can be helped to develop your latent powers, to fill a larger place in the world, to make a *new success* of your life.

There is nothing mysterious or difficult about Dr. Marden's teachings. They are clear, direct, personal. You will recognize their truth and their value to you as soon as you read them. And that they may have wide distribution throughout the world they have been put into a book called "HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT" (instead of into an expensive mail-order course costing from $20 to $50) so that they are within easy reach of everyone who reads this announcement. And then there is THE NEW SUCCESS—MARDEN'S MAGAZINE, which every ambitious man and woman should read in connection with the book, as it is brim-full of the success idea and carries Dr. Marden's inspiring message to thousands every month. By special arrangement both the book and a year's subscription to the magazine can now be secured for only $3. Nor is it necessary that you risk a single penny to secure them, as Dr. Marden has stipulated that this book and magazine shall be sent on five days' free examination to every reader of The Outlook who asks for them.

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BY THE WAY

Was Indian corn known to the ancient world? It is entertaining to find that a writer in an agricultural paper thinks it was, and quotes, in proof, that original genius William Cobbett, who in 1828 wrote: "The cultivation of Indian corn is doubtless as old as the world itself, and I think there can be no doubt that in general those texts of Scripture in which the word 'corn' is used always allude to this corn, and not to wheat or any other grain." Among the numerous texts quoted by Cobbett are these: Leviticus ii. 14, "Thou shalt offer for the meat offering of thy first-fruits green ears of corn dried by the fire." Matthew xii. 5, "And his disciples were an hungred, and began to pluck ears of corn, and to eat."

The daily torture of the toiler's aural nerve by a strident alarm clock can be avoided in several ways, says "Popular Mechanics." He may sleep all morning, or he may buy a gentle awakener now on the market. This new alarm clock rings no bell at the rising hour; instead, it starts a phonograph! Think of the delight of being awakened by the strains of "I Don't Care if You Never Come Back," "Birds Are Gaily Singing," or "Everybody Wants the Key to My Cellar."

From the "Passing Show," of London:

Delightful Frenchman—"You English financiers nevaire worry abaut ze small things. As your so admirable proverb say, 'Penny a pound, wise-foolish.'"

From "Der Brummer," of Berlin:

Teacher—"The sun shines on the righteous and unrighteous alike. What does that signify?"

Pupil—"That it has been socialized."

From "Hoepsen," of Christiana, Norway:

Fireman—"Come, quick! The house is in flames."

The Lady—"Impossible, until I have done my hair."

A subscriber writes apropos of the stories of absent-minded Scandinavian professors recently published in this column: "A Norwegian professor who was keeping bachelor's hall wanted to boil an egg for his breakfast. As he was particular about having it 'medium soft,' he took out his watch to time the cooking. He then carefully dropped the watch into the boiling kettle, and stood holding the egg in his hand!"

Continuous war has been waged for forty years, a writer in the "National Geographic Magazine" says, between the Dutch and the natives of the great island of Sumatra. The inhabitants of the island have resisted foreign interference with the most stubborn and fanatical courage, and still continue their guerrilla warfare, although their strategic positions have all been taken by the Dutch. The natives have perhaps been schooled in courage by their environment. Sumatra, it is said, is as rich in animal life as Central Africa, having elephants, tigers, two-horned rhinoceroses, and powerful apes. The tigers are feared and fought by the Sumatrans.

Sumatra has a most luxuriant vegetation, including rubber trees, bamboos, and teak forests. The wood of the latter tree, it is said, is the most valuable of all timbers. Its durability is such that teak rafters in some of the temples of India have served their purpose for more than a thousand years. It is said that it can be easily worked

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and is susceptible of a high polish. When properly seasoned, it neither shrinks, cracks, nor alters in shape.

An American doughboy who worked in a printing office in Paris after the armistice tells in the "American Printer" of his experience. One item is this: The reports of the proceedings of the Peace Conference were set up in his shop, and they were kept so confidential that an officer would wait to whisk away the forty needed copies in the wee small hours of the morning, while all proofs were carefully burned and the linotype slugs thrown in to remelt before he left.

We do not usually think of Africa in connection with theater trusts, but the following item in the "Dramatic Mirror," written by its Australian correspondent, shows that the Dark Continent is fully up to date: "Allan Doone and Edna Keeley are touring Africa," the paragraph reads, "and are not expected back here for some considerable time, as they are reported to be doing remarkable business on the South African Theater Trust circuit."

America, it seems, with all her progress in shipbuilding, has no dock on the Atlantic coast suitable for repairing a vessel like the Leviathan or the Imperator. When the Leviathan needed overhauling, according to "Shipping," she had to be sent to Liverpool to the big Gladstone dock. Even there it was necessary to wait for the new and the full moon to dock and undock her, as the highest tide was required to "boat her over the sill." The dock at Norfolk, Virginia, it seems, is big enough to float the Leviathan, but the channel leading to it will not permit her passage.

In Lord North's Ministry in 1770–1782, Mr. W. L. George says in an article entitled "Exit the Gentleman" in "Harper's Magazine," there was only one man without a hereditary title. In the Ministry set up not long ago by Mr. Lloyd George only one man, Lord Curzon, is a hereditary peer, and only four out of twenty-four offices fell to "the gentlemen of England"—in other words, the landed aristocracy.

Holland has been amassing riches during the war, a London correspondent of "American Art News" says, and has been spending some of her money on British pictures. Ten thousand oil paintings have gone to Holland from British auction rooms during the four years of war, he asserts. Probably many of these pictures will come back later at enhanced prices.

John Drinkwater, the author of "Abraham Lincoln," publishes in the London "Sphere" a cheerful poem entitled "The Years," which contains the following stanzas:

When I was young and twenty,
I'ld run a many mile,
And when I came to thirty
I'ld sit and rest awhile,
And now that I am thirty-five
I am the sleepiest man alive.

But maybe when I'm forty
I'll shake my legs again,
And walk from then till fifty
With young and striding men,
And hillward go in sixty's wear
To see how yet the counties fare.

When I am old and eighty
All treasons will be done
Of love and silly bitterness,
And I shall watch the sun
Go out, and little heed the fear
That smote upon my middle year.

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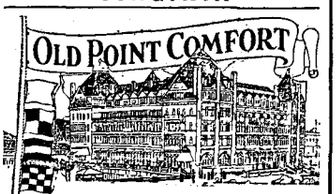

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THE FARMERS AND ORGANIZED LABOR

I note that you speak of Mr. Gompers as representing the sentiment of farmers in asking that action on the return of railways be delayed. What farmers does Mr. Gompers represent? Every body of farmers of whom I have knowledge which has taken any action at all has taken a very positive stand against an affiliation with the American Federation of Labor or any other organization which would bring them into the conflict between labor and capital on either side. I believe that the farmers are ready and able to act for themselves and will act independently. The farmers are not well organized and never will be to the extent of the American Federation of Labor, but they are a great deal fairer and less selfish in their organization and their demands.

Personally I believe there is little in common between farmers and organized labor. Farmers are individualists, and while they will co-operate, believe in individual effort and opportunity and have little sympathy with any movement to limit individual production. Farm laborers all hope to become farmers—first tenants, then landowners. Such men can see no conflict between labor and capital, nor any good reason for any.

Farmers to-day are working longer hours than any other class of workers. Their capital is earning them very low interest compared with earnings in many other industries. They and their point of view are needed to-day as a wholesome balance against the tendency of every one to grab every last inch he can get from the other fellow in this period of anarchistic and radical socialistic tendencies among laborers of all classes.

I should like to see a paper of your standing, when you quote the farmers' attitude on public or other affairs, make sure that you are quoting farmers or men who truly represent real farmers. If you would, it would help along a better understanding between the people who eat food which they must buy and the men who grow it for them.

It is my personal belief that farmers in this section, in the East generally and in the central West, are almost unanimous in the belief that the country will be best served by the speediest possible return of the railways to private ownership and management with broader Government supervision.

The farmers have suffered most from the packers' manipulation, and yet I believe that they would gladly see the most economical distribution of farm products which is possible either by the packers or others provided monopoly is not oppressive and is properly controlled. It is only by economical distribution of food that both producer and consumer can live. Uncontrolled monopoly is disastrous to the producer as well as injurious to the consumer.

Finally, the farmer is one laborer who is really saving to-day, and he is doing it because he avoids wasteful spending in the belief that his only hope of owning a farm is to save the price of it. He is thinking too, and will be better organized in the future, and he will be better educated, but he will be fair-minded and will be an individualist.

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